CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW

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Editorials

THE JEW'S CONTRIBUTION TO ANTI-SEMITISM

By Rabbi Ferdinand Isserman

The summer season brings to us usually its crop of complaints about discrimination against Jewish tourists by owners of resorts. At first these complaints made us indignant, but now we are quite inured to them and we generally ignore them. Nor do we feel that the proprietors of the resorts are to blame. They must if they are to survive economically cater to the prejudices of their clientele. The problem of summer resort discrimination will not be solved until the larger problem of anti-semitism is.

There was one complaint which reached us a few weeks ago, which caused us to write two letters. In the folder published by the Montreal Navigation Co., there appeared an advertisement of a small resort which closed with the following phrase "No Hebrews and consumptives." Appearing as this did in the folder of an institution which is a quasi or semi-public, an institution which has commercial arrangements with the Canadian National Railways, we felt called upon to make protest and we did so to the farmer who was responsible for the offensive advertisement and to the president of the company whose literature carried it. We received replies from both.

The farmer's letter we should love to print but we fear that our readers might wonder whether he was reading a new French dialect. Our suspicion about him was correct. Only an ignorant man could be so naively frank. He stated very indignantly that he Canadian patrons did not care to associate with Jews, several of whom have been his guests, and that inasmuch as Jews have most only taken good Canadian names they can no longer distinguish Hebrews from others—hence his advertisement was so clear and pointed. Though in our letter we suggested that even if the Saviour had been a Hebrew, the authors of the bible and many of the prophets, the poets who wrote the psalms we sing so fervently had been Jews, he, nevertheless living in a free country would object to discrimination. Apparently for him Jesus was all right as an ideal for a religion but not as a model for business practices.

From the president of the steamship company we received a reply which was written in a temper hardly in keeping with that of an individual of public institution, but in keeping with the autocratic part of the service we give. At the close of his very reprehensible letter, he stated that although he did not consider his advertisement to be in the least offensive, he would not ask the advertiser to delete the offensive phrase. It appears that a Gentleman's Agreement, that the Royal Muskoka Hotel apparently has with its patrons not to encourage Jewish patronage, but that there are many Jewish guests there now who are behaving themselves and have been invited to contribute to the hotel's profits. He never can say of the Muskoka hotels were of his own making. The hotel was right. If the hotel had chosen to accept its duty which seems inevitable it would have been spared much suffering throughout the summer.

All the remarks in this letter receive their whole background when they are found in his introductory sentence. There we learn that a successful Hebrew gentleman like the writer can have nothing to do with Jews. Hebrews, Jews are A[illegible]. We need not write the rest

(Continued on page [illegible])

SPARKS FROM ZURICH

Zionist Congresses, no matter what the Zionist situation may be, are always interesting. Nowhere conferences dealing with Jewish affairs are so vital, so vibrant with profound Jewish realities as are these periodic conclaves. Imagine a gathering for a philanthropic cause. The question of bread or soup or shoes, crop up. Important. But they do not touch the quick of national destiny. Even religious assemblies while they take up religious, spiritual questions generally confine themselves to the closet phase of life. They do not explore the vistas of broad national culture, or plumb the depths a people's life-or-death struggle. Zionism deals with the profound and arching motives that are at the bottom of Jewish life and Jewish destiny.

We wrote about the Congress last week. It is difficult to dispose of such an interesting and significant happening in one article. The Congress is now still in session. At the time of our writing it had not yet reached any definite conclusion on any of its major problems. By and large, we anticipated what human accomplishments are likely to be. We indicated them already last week. But in the meanwhile it still exerts its fascinating influence on those who follow up its doings. Voices come from there that penetrate into your consciousness and disturb your equanimity. At this distance we can almost see the silhouettes of the figures that move about in the stage where the Jewish scene is being enacted. It is impossible to remain indifferent to them, not to react to their fateful movements. Those figures who Jews in Zurich are playing with our destiny, are risking their bodies and souls with ardency for the fulfillment of our national purpose.

Weizmann, worn, fatigued by long labors, and sapping illness, spoke to the Congress of courage and confidence. He waves aloft his magic wand of Keren Hayesod, and promises that with a little patience and a little more effort, and a little more sacrifice, the Jewish people will be home. He has been struggling to make possible the coming of our redemption. Now he is facing adversaries, he calls for last great panacea. The Keren Hayesod will save the day. An heroic figure, Weizmann, a tragic figure. He marshalls arms up to the very moment. What if he fails, if the all-hazardous venture of an Agency fails? It will not mean the loss of bread to some Jewish people. It may mean the termination of the life of the fateful Jewish leader. The crushing of the shroud of fear that encompasses him.

Jabotinsky thunders. He is a patriot. His heart is patriotic, his every utterance is inspired, listening love. He stabs, he deals sledge-hammer blows. Zionism to him is a struggle and inner battle as well as a war against the antisemitic environment. He sees in the new Agency a means for the consolidation of our powers, the organizing of our national life. The new spirit of patriotism will call out to the Zionist he said in his characteristic expression. "Here patriot, Non-Zionists are invited." He was a patriot and he will make sacrifices for a great cause. We wish the Zionist organization in particular, the Congress in general success. We hope they will. We know the danger that threatens Jewry unless they do. We know the [illegible] about the [illegible]

(Continued on page [illegible])

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Marquette 7444, St. Lambert 261.
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MONTREAL SOCIAL

a trip to Bell Harbor, N.Y.; Bradley Beach, N.J., Atlantic City, Philadelphia and other points.

Wm. Richter returned Tuesday from Old Orchard Beach.

Mrs. M. Albert and family, Victoria Avenue, are spending the summer at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Mrs. M. Bondy and Miss Gertrude Weiss, of Chicago, who were the guests of Miss Ann Schafer, have gone back.

Mrs. Paul Arnstein and her little daughter, of Boston are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Pascal Giroaard Avenue, for a month.

Miss Rose Smilovitch, Colonial Avenue, has left to spend three weeks at Trout Lake Hotel, Ste. Agathe.

Mrs. Michael Greenberg, Grey Avenue, has taken a cottage for the summer months at Old Orchard Beach.

Misses Edith and Flo Weinbaum, of Toronto, who motored to Montreal and were the guests of Miss Betty Heinick, have gone back.

Miss Rebecca Dorman, Esplanade Avenue, has left to visit Mr. and Mrs. A. Shtendel, Granby, Que., and will motor through the Eastern Townships for a week.

Fry's
COCOA
A TRUE nerve tonic and matchless food noted for its delicious flavour.
The Oldest Cocoa and Chocolate House in the World
Write for Free Recipe Book
J. S. FRY & Sons (Canada) Limited Montreal
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Mr. and Mrs. George W. [illegible] and daughter, Suzanne, and Miss Lea Hirst Freedlander of Montreal, spent the week-end at Weirville.

Miss Israel Heinbaker, 5861 Cote Avenue, entertained at three tables of bridge, Tuesday, July 30, for the

RUSSIAN FRESH CAVIAR
DIRECT IMPORTED FROM RUSSIA TO CANADA
1-LB. AIRTIGHT GLASS JAR $6.00 ½-LB. AIRTIGHT GLASS JAR $3.25
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...owing guests: Mesdames H. Silman, M. Mendleson, H. Roth, M. ...ky of Chicago; J. Moskowitz, J. ...ard and Misses Ida Reinhaker, ... Lax, Ann Scharf, Mary Mar... Sally Bernard, Gertrude Weiss, ...icago, and Miss Ann Schafer. ... Bernard assisted the hostess ...ving.

...lph Bratman, who spent some ... in the Laurentian Mountains, ...k.

... and Mrs. H. Machanic (née ...ice Levy, formerly of Mont... who were recently married in ...gton, sailed Friday, August 2, ...oard the "Duchess of Bedford" ... England.

...iss Anita Silverman, Esplanade ..., is spending two weeks in ...

... Lawrence Horwitz, 136 ... Avenue, has returned from ... weeks' stay at Ivry Nord.

... and Mrs. I. de la Penha, 1519 ...Mark Street, have returned from ... City, Lynbrook, L.I., Long ... and New York City.

... H. Lewis, Guy Street, has left to visit for a few weeks in Toronto.

Miss Beulah Silverman has returned from Cornwall, Ont., where she visited her aunt, Mrs. A. Dwyer.

Jay and Herbert Bratman are home from a motor trip to New York, Philadelphia, and Atlantic City.

Miss Geraldine Rothschild, Sherbrooke Street West, spent last week end at Trout Lake.

Miss Eva Silverman, Esplanade Avenue, is spending three weeks in New York, Atlantic City and Philadelphia.

Mrs. S. H. Feldman and son, Marvin, Park Avenue, have just returned from Carlsbad Springs, Ont.

Miss Rachel Levitt, Grosvenor Avenue, is stopping for two weeks at Lac Masson in the Laurentians.

Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Solomon, Vendome Avenue, motored to Star Lake in the Adirondacks where they will spend about ten days.

Miss Estelle Lavinson, Park Avenue, is at the Girl Guide Camp ... Mont Heights.

Miss Bertha Lazarus, Park Avenue is at Manoir ...

Miss Ruth C. Bratman left August 1 for an extended trip to Detroit, ... Soo, and through the Great

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Pure Orange Bloom Honey from Southern California
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Served with
Jacob and Co. Cream Crackers and butter puffs—a flaky pastry
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Lakes to Minaki, Manitoba, Winnipeg.

Miss Lillian Schwartz, St. Joseph Boulevard West, spent last week-end at Lac Des Isle.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Z. Fels, Belmont Avenue, and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wolfe, Vendome Avenue, spent last week-end at camp at Brandon, Vermont.

Misses Mary and Leonie Leiffer, Clarke Street, are spending a few weeks at Lac Long.

Miss Rose Silverstone, Sherbrooke Street West, has returned from Meatch Lake.

Mrs. William Gliserman and son Irwin, Notre Dame Street West, who spent several weeks at St. Faustin, Que., have returned.

Miss Lillian Silverman is staying for two weeks at Shirley Bay, Ottawa.

Miss Mary Horwitz, 136 Marlowe Avenue, spent last week end at Ivry.

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Business Men's Lunch-Supper and After Theatre Dishes.

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The Famous English Actress
FLORA LE BRETON
In Person
and
JACK HOLT
IN
"Father and Son"

Mis Faye Aronson, of Ottawa, is staying for ten days in Montreal and Ste. Agathe des Monts.

Mrs. L. Silverman has returned from Ottawa where she visited her sister, Mrs. A. J. Sugarman.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Levy, of Toronto, are spending several weeks at Ivry.

Miss Jennie Lecker, Hutchison Street, has left to stay for a few weeks at St. Faustin, Que.

Miss Eva Abramson spent a few days in Ottawa last week.

Miss Dora Rubin, of New York, who was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Baum, Park Avenue, has returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Engel, Grosvenor Avenue, are at Ivry.

Louis Hirsch, of Brooklyn, N.Y., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. L. Ginsberg, Notre Dame Street West.

Mrs. D. Freed and son, Richard, of New York, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. L. Samuelsohn, Vendome Avenue.

Mrs. I. Rose, Sherbrooke Street West, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Sam Nyman, of Brantford, Ont.

Misses Jennie Bernstein and Bertha Bernstein have returned from a two weeks' motor trip to New York, Northover Camp, N. J., Atlantic City and Philadelphia.

Mrs. B. Rothschild, Oliver Avenue, has returned from Mountainview, New York.

Miss Ida Illion, of Newark, N.J., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Neumann, Cote Ste. Antoine Road.

Mrs. A. Weiss, Jeanne Mance Street, is at Old Orchard Beach, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ein and daughters, Sarah and Fannie, 41 Chesterfield Avenue, are back from a motor trip to New York, Atlantic City, Philadelphia and Long Island.

Moses Mendelssohn, 417 St. Joseph Boulevard West, who motored to Lake George, returned by aeroplane.

Mrs. S. Newman and son, Wallace, of New York City, are visiting Mrs. A. D. Gould, Renfrew Road.

Samuel Michaels, of Liverpool England, formerly of Montreal, arrived on the "Doric" to visit his parents and family at 4697 Jeanne Mance Street, after an absence of seven years. He was vice-president of Young Judaea of Montreal and a member of Epicurean Circle. Mr. and Mrs. S. Michaels will hold open house during their son's stay.

Mrs. Irving I. Selig and daughter Corinne, Sherbrooke Street West, have returned from Chateau Quinte, Ste. Marguerittes.

Mrs. I. Rosenbloom, Victoria Avenue, is at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Miss Freda Fink, who is training at the Philadelphia General Hospital, and her niece Miss Mildred Skulsky, of Philadelphia, are vacationing here as the guests of Mrs. R. A. Nalmer, Esplanade Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Garfinkle, Durocher Avenue, Outremont, are home from a seven weeks' trip to the Pacific Coast.

Mrs. L. Klayman and daughter, Florence, Northcliffe Avenue, are back from Chateau Quinte, Ste. Marguerites.

Misses Hilda Share and Bertha Harris, are spending their vacation at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Mrs. Saul Mendelsohn, and family spent last week-end at Woodlands.

Jack Goldstein, Prud'homme Avenue, is at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Myer and Edward Mendelsohn, Grey Avenue, are in Los Angeles, California, for several months.

D. Davis, Vendome Avenue, spent last week-end at Chateau Quinte, Ste. Marguerites.

Mrs. B. Selinger, Durocher Avenue, is in Ottawa, visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tanner.

Irving I. Selig, and son, Sydney, Sherbrooke Street West, spent last week-end at Chateau Quinte, Ste. Marguerites.

Miss Celia Ein, 41 Chesterfield Avenue, is staying for several weeks at a camp at Lake George.

Mrs. I. Ornstein and children, Marjorie, Jack and Corinne, Decarie Blvd., have returned from Chateau Quinte, Ste. Marguerites.

Miss Sophie Myers, the Drummond Court, has returned from a southern trip.

Mrs. M. Hornstein and son, Sydney, Hutchison Street, have returned from a trip to the States.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Rosenstein and family, Wilson Avenue, motored to Lake Placid, last week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Samuelsohn and daughter, Betty, Vendome Avenue, have returned from Lake Placid.

Mrs. D. Davis and baby, Vendome Avenue, are back from Chateau Quinte, Ste. Marguerites.

Rita, Gerald and Dena Shaps, Champagneur Avenue, are at Lac Brule.

Mrs. A. Shapiro, Kensington Avenue, Dr. and Mrs. S. Ortenberg, and Mrs. Reuben Brainin are home from a motor trip to Canaan, Maine, and Old Orchard Beach.

Mrs. H. Rosenbloom and baby of Philadelphia, who were visiting Mrs. Rosenbloom's mother, Mrs. S. Ostrang, Decarie Blvd., are spending a month at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Alrod (née Rose Gordon) have returned from an extended trip to the States.

Mrs. George Bloomstone, Marlowe Avenue, entertained at a luncheon at the Mount Royal Hotel in compliment to Mrs. Benjamin Silverman

The Hotel Pennsylvania, situated on St. Denis Street near St. Catherine, combines an interesting location and an extremely well-equipped modern hotel of 100 comfortable rooms. From the lobby of the hotel, which is decorated in chaste simplicity that carries an air of refinement, one enters the dining room which is fast becoming popular for the excellent food served from a French cuisine. There an attractive lunch is served each day from 12—2.30 at a cost of 75 cents. A special dollar dinner is served from 6 to 8.30.

The management of Hotel Pennsylvania is ready to cater to private parties. 'Phone Plateau 5283 for reservations.

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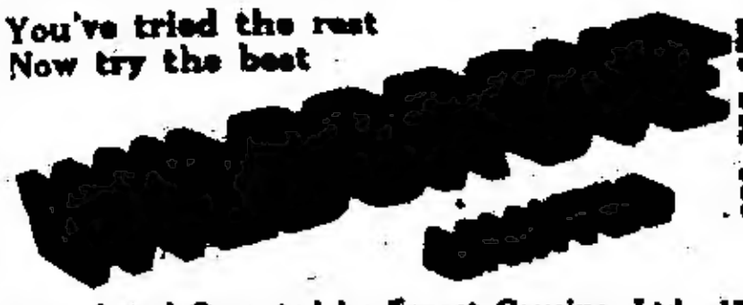

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Edinburgh Mayonnaise, manufactured by Edinburgh Cafe, is on sale at the restaurant and at leading grocers.

...and her guest, Mrs. Bernard Sattin, and Mrs. Wolfe Michaelson, of London, England.

Miss Anne Schaffer, 4309 Esplanade Avenue, gave a bridge in honour of her sister, Mrs. Sigmund Budney, and Miss Bea Reiss, of Chicago, Thursday, July 22, welcoming Mesdames S. Budney, J. Moscovitz, H. Roth, I. Beinhaker, J. Bernard, I. Adler, A. Herer, A. Millman and Misses Bea Reiss, Muriel Saul, Dorette Stark, Sally Bernard, Mildred Price, and Shirley Schaffer. Prize winners were Mesdames I. Beinhaker, I. Adler, and Miss Bea Reiss. The guests of honour were presented with gifts.

Miss Bella Golt, accompanied by her niece, Miss Anita Cohen, has left to stay for a week in Ottawa and Britannia-on-the-Bay.

Mrs. Garmaise and children, Old Orchard Avenue, stopped for a month at Laurentian Lodge, Prefontaine, and Chateau Quinte, Ste. Marguerites. They were joined there by Mr. Garmaise for a motor trip to Old Orchard and return home.

Miss Bella Golt, Waverley Street, has returned from her vacation at Trout Lake.

Mrs. D. Rosenbaum, Bloomfield Avenue, is at Old Orchard.

Mrs. L. Briskin, Decarie Boulevard, who stopped for some time at Chateau Quinte, Ste. Marguerites, is returning home Sunday.

Miss Shirley Schaffer, 4309 Esplanade Avenue, is taking her vacation at Trout Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Schaffer, of New York, were visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Schaffer, Esplanade Avenue.

Miss Bea Reiss, of Chicago, who was visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Schaffer, 4309 Esplanade Avenue, left for New York to spend sometime there, after which she will return here and then leave for Chicago.

Dave Schaffer, of La Sarre, Que., visited with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Schaffer, Esplanade Avenue.

Deaths

Tuesday morning, July 30th, suddenly after a lingering illness, Mrs. Doba Leah Print, wife of H. Print, died at the age of 75 years. She was born in Tchernobyl, Kiev Province, Russia, and had been living in Montreal for 42 years. She left to mourn her a son, Jacob Goldman; a sister, Mrs. Israel Frumah Litvinson; six grandchildren, Dr. Louis Goldman, Mrs. Maude Dickman, Mrs. Clara Statner, the Misses Beatrice, Etta, and Sylvia Goldman, and two great-grandchildren, Lois Dickman and Greta Goldman. The funeral took place Wednesday July 31st, at 11 a.m. from the home of her son, 3634 Laval Avenue. Burial in the cemetary plot of the North-End Vilkomerer Hebrew Sick Benefit Society.

Born

August 6th, at Royal Victoria Maternity Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman Adilman (née Anna Mendelsohn), a son.

August 3rd, at the Royal Victoria Maternity Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. M. Berson, 4432 Mance, a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Moe Krakower (née Beckie Reinblatt), at Dr. Dunstan Gray's Hospital, a son, August 1.

Thursday, August 1st, at the Royal Victoria Maternity Hospital, to Marcus M. Sperber, K.C., and Mrs. Sperber, a daughter.

August 1st, at the Royal Victoria Maternity Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Asch, a son.

TO AWARD SCHOLARSHIPS

Dufferin Educational Society is campaigning for scholarships. During the past 135 scholarships have been made possible for Jewish boys and girls who distinguished themselves in their studies, both Hebrew and secular, and whose parents were unable to send them to High School. Scholarships have been received from Bonfman's, Interests (2), Peter Bercovitch, K.C., M.P. (1) Horn Bros. (1) J. L. Sabbath (1) George Solomon (1) Dinah Lily Caplan Auxiliary (1). The scholarships are valued at $25—for first year; $30 second; $35, third; $40 for fourth year and bear the name of donors. Information from the secretary Miss Sarah Miller, Apartment 10, 5169 Sherbrooke Street West, Montreal.

Classified Advertising

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YOUNG JUDAEA CONVENTION

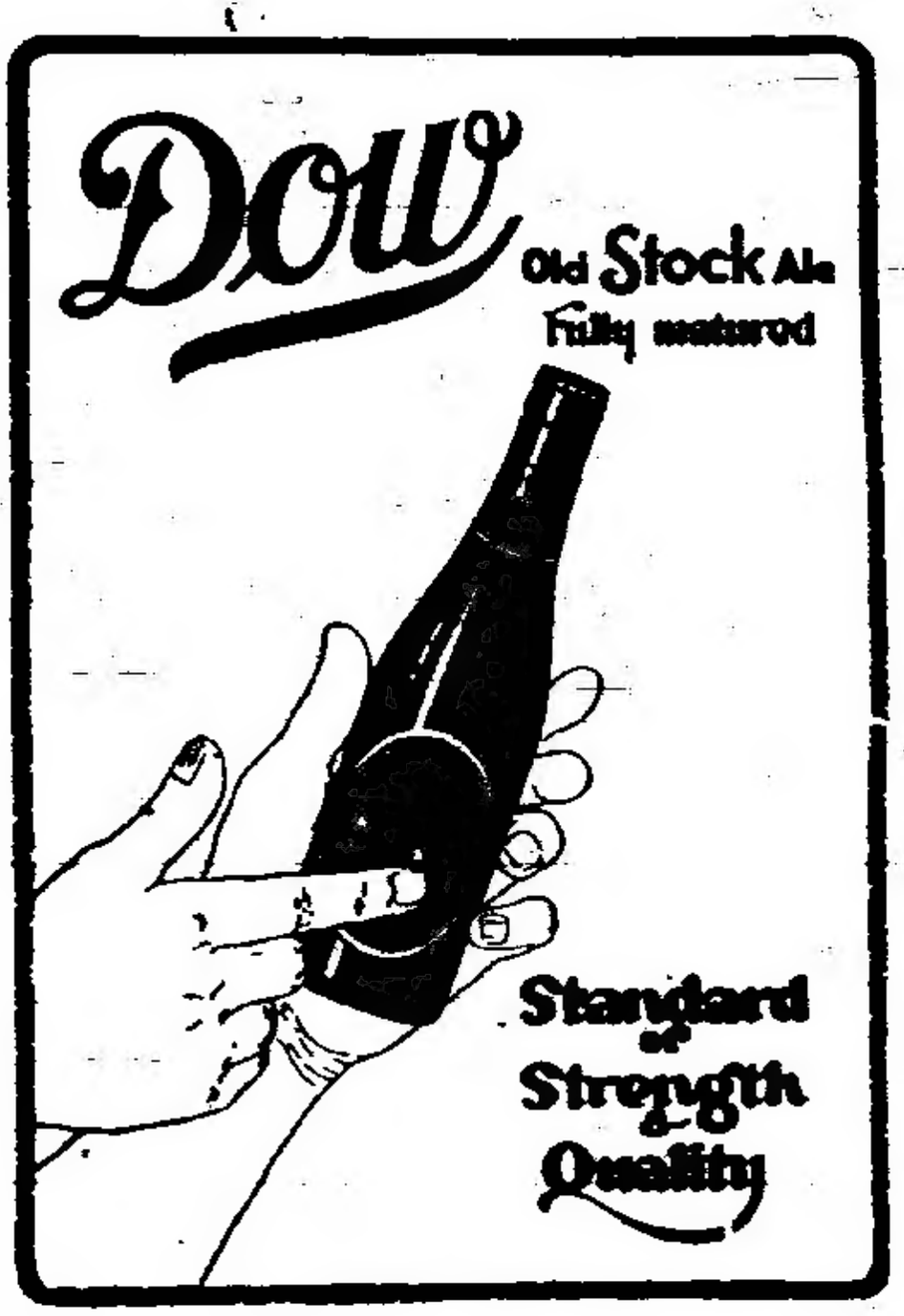
The seventh convention of the Federation of Young Judaea of Canada, which will be held in Hamilton, August 31st, to September 2nd. Delegates are: Mrs. I. Nathanson, Sydney, N.S.; Nathan R. Levine, Moncton, N.B.; Jacob Low, Peterboro, Ont.; Libbie Silver, Timmins, Ont.; Bora Laskin, Fort William, Ont., Samuel Abraham, Harry and Dave Halperin, Hyman Shuster, Nathan Shuster, Montreal; Misses M. Sobel, E. Trackman, L. Levinson, B. Watson, L. Shapiro, B. Cohen, M. Levine, L. Soltz, B. Freed, Rose Minkin, G. Rosen, M. Otis, S. Rosen, T. Pollick, L. Friedman, M. Swartz, E. Morantz, E. Greenbaum, Trpima Littner; and Al. Zimmerman, M. Sandler, R. Shapiro, M. Kertzer, E. Bohnen, H. Cargman, M. Shapiro, I. Sherman, F. Greenbaum, and Dr. M. Zimmerman, of Toronto. Prior to the seventh convention the Western Judaeans will hold their third annual western conference in Saskatoon, August 17th, and 18th.

THIS IS YOUR QUESTION

During the Seder it fell to the lot of Louis, aged 12, to ask the four questions. He accomplished this task satisfactorily, and then suddenly added a fifth question, all his own, as the result of an afterthought.

"What," he demanded of his father, "are the Jews doing who live in Egypt today? How can they celebrate the exodus?"

Dow Old Stock Ale
Fully matured



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Cor. Yonge & Dundas
347 Danforth Avenue
156 Oakwood Avenue
Cor. Yonge & Wellington

Y. W. COMMITTEES APPOINTED

A second general meeting was held by the council committee, July 9th, at the old Y.W.H.A. Building.

Mrs. S. M. Rothman, chairman spoke.

Mr. A. Charlton, was guest speaker.

Mrs. Rothman appointed as nomination committee Misses Mary Vineberg, Ray Handelman and Bella Engel to choose a secretary.

Other committees chosen were a constitution and by-law committee, consisting of Mrs. A. J. Alexander, Mrs. A. E. Morris, and Misses Mary Tafler, Sarah Peritz, Libby Selinger, Rae Benevitch and Rae Hochelman.

Programme committee has Miss Bee Lipsey as chairman, and Mary Krasnow, Rebecca Perlman, Betty Posnack, Rae Benjamin, Bessie Wittenberg, Rose Saltzman, Irene Udinsky, Rae Malles, Lily Menovitz and Libby Selinger.

Physical committee, Miss Mary Krasnow chairman, Miss Klein, Misses Perlin, Menovitz, Sally Kaufman, Linda Sorkin, Helen Lark, Rae Benjamin, Rae Benevitch, Fanny Kastner, Bee Lipsey, and Annette Blasoph.

Refreshment committee, Misses Mary Tafler and Mary Krasnow.

Robin G. Spelser, of New York, is one of eight men who have been accorded appointments to the United States Military Academy at West Point.

Marriages

Lustgarten-Letovsky

The marriage of Miss Sarah Lya Letovsky, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Letovsky, to Bernard B. Lustgarten, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lustgarten, was solemnized June 30 at the Bellevue Hotel. Rabbi H. Abramowitz officiated. The bride was gowned in white satin lined in flesh georgette. Her veil of illusion net was caught at the sides with clusters of orange blossoms and she carried a bouquet of Ophelia roses and lilies-of-the-valley. Mrs. Letovsky, mother of the bride, wore figured chiffon and a corsage of American Beauty roses. The flower girls, Ethelwyn Lustgarten and Ruth Nathanson wore organdie with hats to match and carried old fashioned nosegays. The out-of-town guests included H. S. Letovsky, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Levine, of Stamford, Conn., Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Nathanson, of Windsor, Ont., and Mr. and Mrs. S. Dubinsky, of Toronto.

King Tafari Makonen, of Abyssinia, has made a gift of $2,500 toward the acquisition of a new home for the American pro-Falasha School in Addis-Araba, the capital of his kingdom.

Engagements

Mr. and Mrs. P. Zelicovitch, De l'Epee Avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, Freda, to Moe, son of Mrs. A. Woods.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Weiss announced the engagement of their daughter, Dora, to Max (Jimmy) Plotnick, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Plotnick, 5386 St. Urbain St., Sunday, August 4th. Covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. H. Weiss, Dora Weiss, Mr. and Mrs. M. Plotnick, Mr. and Mrs. H. Plotnick, Misses Beesie, Sally and Sylvia Plotnick, Lou Plotnick, Max Plotnick, Mr. M. Saibil, Nat Nissison, Lou Westrich, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. H. Baronoff. Dancing.

Approaching Marriages

The marriage of Evelyn Rudolph, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Rudolph, Strathcona Avenue, to Arthur A. Salomon, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Salomon, takes place Sunday, August 18, at Shaar Hashomayim Synagogue. Rabbi Abramowitz will officiate.

The marriage of Shirley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Fragin, to Jack, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. Cramer, takes place September 8, at Bnai Jacob Synagogue, Rabbi Katzman officiating.

OTTAWA

Mrs. B. Milinsky and Al. and Lou Milinsky, of New Philadelphia, Ohio, and Mrs. I. Rosenberg, of New York, motored back to Ohio after visiting for two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sugarman.

Mrs. J. M. Franklin and children, Lillian and Mitchell, are spending some time in Halifax and the vicinity of Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Wolf Shenkman is staying at Old Orchard Beach, Maine, for a few weeks.

Mrs. Chas. Rothbart, her daughter, Amelia and son, Maurice, spent a week in North Bay with Mr. and Mrs. S. Waiser.

Mrs. L. Silverman, of Montreal, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sugarman for a few days.

Miss Reba Mirsky, R.N., of New York, is visiting with her father, Rabbi I. Mirsky.

Miss Eva Abramson, of Montreal, was home for a few days last week.

Ralph Pearl, of New York, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Pearl.

Miss Faye Aronson is spending ten days in Montreal and Ste. Agathe des Monts.

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Miss Horwitz, of Detroit, is visiting with her aunt, Mrs. D. Mirsky, at their summer home in Britannia.

BRANTFORD

Norman Bomberg, of Montclair, N.J.; Louis Blum, of Brooklyn, N.Y.; Phillip Gellman, of Huntington, N.Y., and Mrs. D. Skudwiek, of Buffalo, N.Y., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Fox and Mrs. E. Bomberg.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Hemeding, of Buffalo, are spending a couple of weeks with their mother, Mrs. Emily Bomberg.

Miss Lorene Fox, who has been spending some time in New York City, is expected home this week together with Mrs. Max Winer and daughter, Anita, of Montclair, N.J. Marcus Winer, of Brooklyn, N.Y., and Miss Anita Blum, of Brooklyn, N.Y. They will spend a few weeks with Mrs. E. Bomberg and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Fox.

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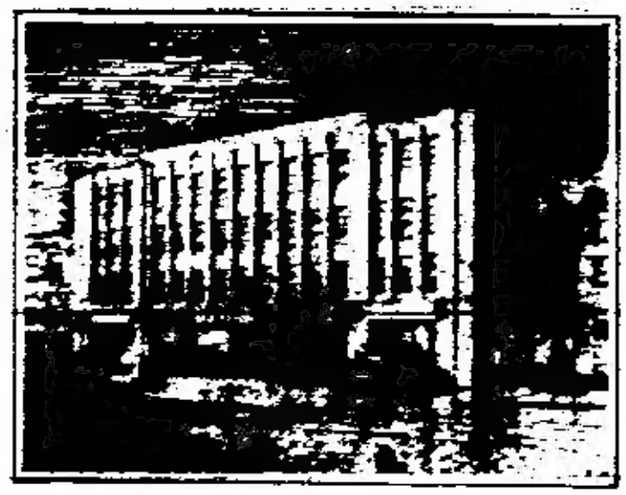

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Rabbi Isserman's Editorials

(Continued from page 1)

word in full. Mark the words. A successful Hebrew—A Jew who has graduated from the Ghetto, shaved off his beard, and who has made a little money, takes the knout wielded by the Anti-Semite and belabors the people from whose loins he sprang and to whose struggle he may owe his brains and talents. Nothing in these nasty responses struck us to the core as did the quotation from "the successful Hebrew." That successful Hebrew need not imagine that by trampling on the backs of his less successful brethren he can win the respect of his non-Jewish neighbor. There is nothing so despicable in the eyes of men as a traitor who parades his treason. Nor are these remarks isolated. We hear them to frequently from the lips of silk-stockinged Jews, while they themselves complain of Anti-Semitism, they are filled with it. Thus are Jews contributing to Anti-Semitism.

We Jews need not tell the world that all Jews are saints, but we should be the last to introduce Christian acquaintances, to epitaph and phrases which we rightfully resent.

We can excuse the farmer; he is ignorant, we can forgive the Christian steamship executive; her merely forgot his Christianity, but can we forgive "the successful Hebrew" one of our brethren?

* * *

THE GRADUATES OF THE HEBREW UNION COLLEGE REFORM RABBIS AND OFFICIAL ZIONISM

The Detroit Zionist Convention should dispel forever the notion that reform rabbis in general and graduates of the Hebrew Union College in particular as such are hostile to Zionism. Among the accredited delegates to the convention were a number of the most prominent graduates of the college, who are occupying some of the leading reform pulpits in America. In honor of the late Rabbi Max Heller a graduate of the Hebrew Union College, a resolution of appreciation of his character and services to Zionism was read and adopted. In addition to that, those rabbis who fully winded by their discussions at the rabbinical conference, which just met in Detroit, took part (we hope not too big a part) in the discussion at the Zionist convention. Dr. Julius Morgenstern, president of the Hebrew Union College, which has recently given an honorary degree to Chaim Weizmann in recognition of his services to world Jewry, addressed the convention. Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver (H. U. C. '15) was elected a vice-president of the Zionist organization. Rabbi Barnett Brickner (H. U. C. '20) was elected a member of the administrative council and to cap the climax Rabbi James G. Heller, who in Cincinnati filled the pulpit of Isaac M. Wise, founder of the Hebrew Union College and who led the pulpit for the progressive revision of the present reform prayer book because of its antiquated theology, was elected the chairman of the administrative council of the Zionist organization—making five next to Louis Lipsky the most important Zionist official in America. Besides the work of the graduates of the Hebrew Union College, the work of the graduates of the Jewish Institute of religion was also in evidence. Nor can we fail to mention here that America's leading liberal rabbi—Stephen S. Wise—has been a powerful figure in the Zionist movement. No longer can it be said that Zionism and liberal Judaism are antithetical tendencies in Jewish life.

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Editorial

(Continued from page 1)

hearted. It is worried. It had viewed the new situation with a certain degree of confidence. Now there is exposed before it in its baldness, the mechanism of the deal; the psychology of fear; the huge price; the nebulous mood. "Hundreds of people", cabled Dr. Margoshes, editor of the "Day" to his paper "will spend a sleepless night worrying about the bleak facts uncovered by Jabotinsky".

There is Dr. Gruenbaum, of Poland, member of the Polish parliament, leader of another of the opposition parties; a brilliant mind, another tremendous orator, with irrefutable logic and ruthless irony. He, too, is of the patriot type. He loves Jews, Jewish people, Jewish ideas, Jewish cultural values and is solicitous of the destiny of the creative forces in Jewdom. He is not an "expert" who needs to be coaxed into the ranks by sly formulas or the social prestige of the new sponsorship. He pours forth an avalanche of scorn on those who would destroy the finest achievements of the Jewish genius in recent times. "To me", he said, "the Congress is holier than the Day of Atonement". Weizmann is obstinate. In his despair he has made committments. He probably could not help himself. But the Jabotinskys and the Gruenbaums represent the inexorableness and fatefulness of great truths in the manner of our uncompromising prophets of old.

Stephen Wise spoke, too. In the same vein as Jabotinsky and Gruenbaum. Being American he lacks the fire of the others. But in his words too there is pleading and warning: "Quo vadis"—whither goest thou? And the multitude of delegates, most of whom came intellectually unprepared for the implications of the new scheme, are still more worried, confused. Weizman is the leader. But are not these inspired critics right? The multitude may raise their hands in blind assent to the policy of the leadership. But their minds and hearts are pulling otherwhere, to the camps of the Zionist patriots.

Once in two years the central problems and values of Jewish history and of the Jewish future are brought into focus. Our great minds play the lights of their logic and their knowledge on them. The Herzls and the Nordaus and the Zangwills and the Weizmanns and Jabotinskys and Gruenbaums in their respective generations bring to the surface their deepest emotions and project on the screen their loftiest ideals concerning the position of the strange Jewish people. The occasions are beautiful events; sacred, glorious. They are known as the Zionist Congresses.

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The Rise of David Levinsky

A Novel by Abraham Cahan

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(Continued from last week)

Her love burned with a steady flame, bright and even. It manifested itself in a thousand little things which she did for the double purpose of ministering to my comfort and keeping me in mind of herself. I felt it in the taste of the coffee I drank, in the quality of my soup and sauces, in the painstaking darning on my socks, in the frequency with which my room was swept, my towel changed, my bed dusted.

"Did you notice the new 'soapdish' on your washstand?" she asked me one morning. "Do you deserve it? Do you know how often I am in your room every day? Just guess."

"A million times a day."

"To you it's a joke. But if you loved as I do you would not be up to it."

"Very well, I love you." And I pretended a boy's daring.

"Don't! It breaks my heart," she would answer seriously. "I can't see you ever [illegible]. So kissed my eyes [illegible] I go to your room [illegible] times a day [illegible] When I am there [illegible] to me that I am nearer to you. I kiss the pillow on which you [illegible] the blanket, the window, every [illegible] everything your dear [illegible] touch. I want you to [illegible] I want you to [illegible] you. I know that you [illegible] but never know that it was so sweet [illegible] you loved me."

She would wear out all sorts of endearments on me, some of them in her own fantastic nature, but they seemed [illegible] because her favorite appellation, while I found special relish in calling her "my bride" or "bridie mine."

I can almost feel her white fingers as they played with my abundant dark hair or rested on my shoulders while she looked into my eyes and murmured, yearningly: "My loved one! My loved one! My loved one!"

The set of my shoulders was a special object of her admiration. She would shake them tenderly, call me monkey, and ask me if I realized how much she loved me and if I deserved it at all, bad boy that I was.

She held me in check with an iron hand. Whenever my caresses threatened to overstep the bounds of what she termed "respectable love" she would stop them. With clouded eyes she would slap my hand and then kiss it saying:

"Be a gentleman, Levinsky. Be a gentleman. Can't you be a gentleman?"

"Oh, you don't love me," I would grunt.

"I don't. I don't. I wish you would love me half as much," with a sigh. "If you did you would not behave the way you do. That'll all your love amounts to—behaving like that. All men are hogs, after all." With which she would take to lecturing me and pouring out her infatuated heart in that solemn singsong of hers, which somewhat bored me.

If she thought my kisses unduly passionate and the amorous look of my eye dangerous she would move away from me.

"Don't be angry at me, sweetheart," she would say, coaxingly.

"I am not angry, but you don't love me."

"Why should you hurt my feelings like that? Why should you shed my blood? Am I not yours, heart and soul? Am I not ready to cut myself to pieces to please you? Why should you torture me?"

"What are you afraid of? He won't know any more that he does now," I once urged.

She blushed, looking at the floor. After a minute's silence she said, dolefully:

"It isn't so much on account of that as on account of the children. How could I look Lucy in the face?"

Her eyes grew timid. My heart went out to her.

"I understand. You are right," I yielded.

The scene repeated itself not many days after. It occurred again and again at almost regular intervals. She fought bravely.

Many months passed, and still she was able "to look Lucy in the face."

At first, for a period of six or seven weeks, my moral conflict outside the house was immaculate. Then I ran wild. My excursions to certain streets I made rather frequent calls at the apartment of a handsome Hungarian woman who called herself Cleo. Once, in a frenzy, I tried to imagine that she was Dora, and then I experienced qualms of abject contrition and self loathing.

Sometimes Lucy would arouse my jealous rancor, as a living barrier between her mother and myself. But she was really dear to me. I revered Dora for her fortitude, and Lucy appealed to me as the embodiment of her mother's saintliness.

I would watch Lucy. She was an interesting study. Her manner of speaking, her giggle, her childish little affectations seemed to grow more American every day. She was like a little foreigner in the house.

Dora was watching and studying her with a feeling akin to despair, I thought. It was as though she was pursuing the little girl, with outstretched arms, vainly trying to overtake her.

CHAPTER XVI

I was rapidly advancing on the road to financial triumphs. I was planning to move my business to larger quarters, in the same modest neighborhood. Mrs. Chaikin, my partner's wife, failed to realize the situation, however. She could not forgive me the false representations I had made to her regarding my assets.

"And where is the treasure you were expecting?" she would twit me. "You never tell a lie, do you? You simply don't know how to do it. Poor thing!"

When we were in the midst of an avalanche of lucrative orders promising a brilliant winter season she took it into her head to withdraw her husband from the firm, in which he was a silent partner. Her decision was apparently based on the extreme efforts she had once seen me making to raise five hundred dollars. As a matter of fact, this was due to the rapidity of our growth. I seized capital. But then my credit was growing, too, and altogether things were in a most encouraging condition.

"What is the use worrying along as you are?" she said. "You deceived me from the start. You made me believe you had a lot of money, while you were really a beggar. Yes, you are a beggar and a beggar you are bound to stay. A beggar and a swindler. That's what you are. You have fooled me long enough. You can't fool me any longer, so there!"

Her husband was still employed by the German firm, attending to the wants of our growing little factory and unfortunately every evening and on Sundays. The day seemed near when it would pay him to give all his time to our shop. And he was aware of it, to some extent, at least. But Mrs. Chaikin reckoned otherwise.

I attempted to present the actual state of affairs to her, but broke off in the middle of a sentence. It suddenly flashed upon my mind that it might all be to my advantage. "A designer can be hired," I said to myself. "The business is progressing splendidly. To make him my life partner is too high a price for his skill. To avoid having him for a partner actually means having his nuisance of a wife for a partner. It will be a great thing to get rid of her."

I consulted Max, as I did quite often now. Not that I thought myself in need of his advice, or anybody else's, for that matter. Success had made me too self-confident for that. I prized the intimate and ardent friend, and this was simply part of my preoccupations. To flatter his vanity I would make him think his angry shouts had been acted upon and that they had brought good results. As a consequence, he was developing the notion that my success was largely due to his good sense, a notion which jarred on me, but which I humored, nevertheless.

"Do you know what's the matter?" he said, eagerly. "Mrs. Chaikin must have found another partner for her husband. Some fellow with big means, I suppose."

"You are right, Max," I said sincerely. "How stupid I am."

"Why, of course they have got no other partner. Of course they have! he repeated, with elation. "So much the better for you. Let them go to the eighty black years. Don't run after him. Just do as I tell you and you'll be all right, Levinsky. My advice has never got you in trouble, has it?"

"Indeed not. Indeed not," I answered.

Max's blindness to what was going on between Dora and myself was a riddle to which I vainly sought a solution. That this cynic who charged every man and woman with immorality should, in the circumstances, be so absolutely undisturbed in his confidence regarding his wife seemed nothing short of a miracle. When I now think of the riddle I see its solution in a modified version of the old rule concerning the mote in thy neighbor's eye and the beam in thine own eye. Your worst pessimist is, after all, an optimist with regard to himself. We are quick to recognize the gravity of ill health in somebody else, yet we ourselves may be on the very brink of death without realising it. It is a special phase of selfishness. We are loath to connect the idea of a catastrophe with our own person. Max, who saw a mote in the eye of everybody else's wife, failed to perceive the beam in the eye of his own.

As for Sadie, who lived in the same house now, and who visited Dora's apartment at all hours, she was too silly and too deeply infatuated with her friend to suspect her of anything wrong.

I idolized Dora. It seemed to me that I adored her soul even more than

(Continued on page 10)

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REALTY NEWS

D. Bailey, general plasterer, has started work on Norwalk Apartments, corner Mansfield and St. Catherine. All wire and wood lathing done by Hall Lathing Co. 4425 5394 St. Catherine Street.

S. Przemyzeski sold to J. Zaikman the southeast 45.2-11 and north part 45.2-10 St. Jean Baptiste Ward, measuring 22 x 114 feet with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 6222 to 6232 fronting on St. Urbain street for $2,000.

S. Kronenberman sold to L. Berman Inc. lot No. 5-1-1, St. Jean Baptiste Ward, measuring 24 x 72 with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 6241 6243 fronting on St. Lawrence boulevard for $6,000.

Mrs. M. Sarrazin sold to M. Lamontagne lot No. 24-28-1 of Lachapelle measuring 25 by 88 feet with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 93 to 97 fronting on Joyce avenue and Fairmount avenue for $24,000.

J. Saint Pierre sold to H. Prendergast lots Nos. 36-1214 to 1212 Maisonneuve Ward measuring 28 by 120 feet with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 2257 to 2261 fronting on Iberville street for $26,500.

Mrs. E. Pigeon sold to E. Fisher lots Nos. 25-1-14 to 25-1-16 measuring 54 x 114 feet with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 2 to 14 Fleet street, for $4,000.

E. Lamontagne sold to J. Poirier lots Nos. 45-1-47 St. Louis Ward measuring 25 x 114 feet with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 4231 to 4233 St. Denis street and 2414 Dandurand street for $23,000.

Mrs. W. Isaacs sold to A. Rivard et al lots Nos. 12-1-2 to 12 St. Jean Baptiste Ward with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 4-12 to 4-14 Chateaubriand street for $4,000.

N. Abraham sold to F. X. Leduc lot No. 17-1-1 Notre Dame de Grace Ward, measuring 4.81 feet without buildings fronting on Belmont avenue for $3,000.

M. W. Chapman sold to E. Lafontaine different part of lot No. 25-1-1 Park Extension measuring 50 x 90 feet with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 723 to 729a fronting on Chamberlain avenue for $12,500.

H. Lamontagne sold to M.W. Chapman lot No. 25-28 Notre Dame de Grace Ward measuring 50 x 90 feet with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 723 to 729a fronting on Oxford avenue for $7,500.

J. Saint Pierre sold to H. Prendergast lots Nos. 261-45, 262-228, Aqueduct ward measuring 50 by 145 feet with buildings and fronting on St. Lawrence boulevard for $2,000.

J. Saint-Pierre sold to H. Prendergast lots Nos. 12-252 253 254 Notre Dame de Grace ward measuring 23 feet without buildings and fronting on Columbia ave. for $4,000.

A. Thomas sold to Mrs. S. Weiss lot No. 14k 2-43, with part of lot No. 2-41 Hochelaga Ward, measuring 33 x 79 feet with buildings, part thereof bearing the civic Nos. 2012 to 2016 Notre Dame street for $ 00 and other considerations.

Et vir et uxor, real estate transfers recorded recently the chief was that sold to H. Fairbairn No. 1 St. James of lots Nos. 458 and 459 St. Antoine ward, measuring 5,750 feet, a vacant piece and frontage on Taupier street for $15,000.

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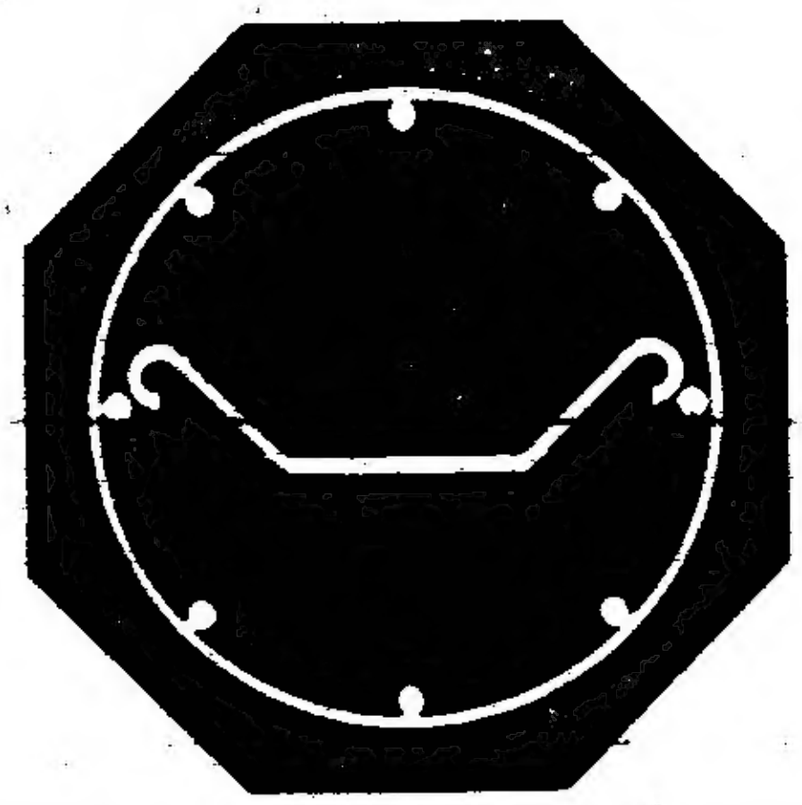

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The Rise of David Levinsky

(Continued from page 8)

I did her body. I was under her moral influence, and the firmness with which she maintained the distance between us added to my respect for her. And yet I never ceased to dream of and to seek her moral downfall.

I had extended my canvassing activities to a number of cities outside New York, my territory being a semi-circle with a radius of about a hundred and fifty miles. I had long since picked up some of the business jargon of the country and I was thirstily drinking in more and more.

"What do you think of this number, Mr. Steinfield?" I would say, self-consciously, to a merchant, as I dangled a garment in front of him. "You can make a mint on it. It's the kind of suit that gives the wearer an air of distinction."

If I heard a bit of business philosophy that I thought effective I would note it down and memorize it. In this manner I would write down every new piece of slang, the use of the latest trade or phrase being thought by me to make a favorable impression with customers, especially with those in the younger generation. But without a saving sense of humor I would be at general sea for a considerable time before I checked my extremes. The Americanese I met with so often in the form and terse, pert phrases it seemed to me they were born with a species of sizing sense which I never developed. But I was indeed born with one sense which was to prove of great service to me in this country—the sense of humor.

Once during the first month or two of my travelling, when I was in the best of spirits after a number of successful days, I wrote a letter to Dora. I told her that I was thinking of her constantly, that I was lonely without her, that I was working hard and that I was making money. I told her that I was not sure whether I would be able to get back to New York for the holidays, but that I would be sure to be with her for the New Year. I wrote her a long, passionate love-letter, and I felt relieved after I had mailed it. I had not written to her since I left New York, and I was glad that I had done so.

Max's conjecture regarding Chaikin was borne out. The talented designer had given up his job at the Manheimer Brothers' and opened a cloak and suit house with a man who had made considerable money as a cloak salesman, and as a landlord for a partner. When Max heard of it he was overjoyed.

"I tell you what, Levinsky," he said, half in jest and half in earnest. "Let the two of us make a partnership of it. I could put some money into the business."

I reflected that when I approached him for a loan of four hundred dollars, on my first visit to his house, he had pleaded poverty.

"I could do a good deal of hustling," he added gravely. "Between the two of us we should make a great success of it."

I gave him an evasive answer. I must have looked annoyed, for he exclaimed:

"Look at him! Look at Miss Dora! Scared to death, isn't he?" And to me: "Don't be uneasy, old chap! I am not going to snatch your factory from you. But you are a big hog, all the same. I can tell you that. How will you manage all alone? Who will take care of your business when you go travelling?"

"Oh, I'll manage it somehow," I answered, making an effort to be pleasant. "Chaikin was exactly cut in the shop anyhow."

CHAPTER XVII

I traveled quite often, sometimes staying away from New York for two or three days, but more frequently for only one day. On one occasion, however, I was detained on the road for five days in succession. It was the beginning of June, a little over a year since the Margulies moved into the Clinton Street flat with myself as their boarder. I was homesick. I missed Dora acutely. I loved her passionately, tenderly, devotedly. I now felt it with special force. Her face and figure loomed up a hundred times a day.

"Dora dear! Bridie mine!" I would whisper, all but going to pieces with tenderness and yearning.

One afternoon, after closing an unexceptionally large sale in a department store, I went to the jewelry department of the same firm and paid a hundred and twenty dollars for a bracelet. I knew that she would not be able to wear it, yet I was determined to make her accept it.

"Let her keep it in some hiding-place," I thought. "Let her steal an occasional look at it. I don't care what she does with it. I want her to know that I think of her, that I am crazy for her."

It was Friday evening when I returned to New York, having been on the road since the preceding Monday morning. I first went to my place of business and then to a restaurant for supper. I would not make my appearance at the house until half past 10, when the coast was sure to be clear. With thrills of anticipation that verged on physical pain I was looking forward to the moment when I should clasp the bracelet about her slender white wrist.

At the fixed minute I was at the door of the Clinton Street apartment. I pulled the bell. I expected an excited rush, a violent opening of the door, a tremulous "My loved one! My loved one!"

There was a peculiar disappointment in store for me. She received me coldly, not letting me come near her.

"Why, what's the matter? What's up?"

"Nothing," she muttered.

When we reached the light of the Sabbath candles in the dining-room I noticed that she looked worn and haggard.

"What has happened?" I asked, greatly perplexed. "I have something for you," I said, producing the blue-velvet box containing the bracelet and opening it. "Here, my bride!"

"How dare you call me 'bride,' you hypocrite?" she gasped. "Away with you, your present and all!"

"Why? Why? What does it all mean?" I asked, between mirth and perplexity.

For an answer she merely continued: "You thought you could bribe me by this present of yours, did you? You can fool me no longer. I have found you out. You have fallen into your own trap. You have. How dare you buy me presents?"

At this she tore the bracelet out of my hand and flung it into the little corridor. She was on the verge of a fit of hysterics. I fetched her a glass of water, but she dashed it out of my hand. Then, frightened and sobered by the crash, she first tiptoed to the bedroom to ascertain if Lucy was not awake and listening, and then went to the little corridor, picked up the bracelet and slipped it into my pocket.

"If you have decided to get married, I can't stop you, of course," she began in a ghastly undertone, as she crouched to gather up the fragments of the glass and to wipe the floor.

"Decided to get married?" I interrupted her. "Where on earth did you get that? What 'trap' are you talking about, Dora?"

She made no answer. I continued to protest my innocence. Finally, when she had removed the broken glass, she said:

"It's no use pretending you don't know anything about it. It won't do you any good. You have been very clever about it, but you made a break, and there you are! You think you are not

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If you were you wouldn't let *shadchen* know where you

shadchen! Oh, I *see*," I said, a hearty laugh. "Has he been And I gave way to another

Shadchen was a conspiracy name man who would bring an employer with cloak-makers who were to cheat the union. The one performed these services for me one of my own "hands." He was ably dishonest, but he possessed disposition and a certain gift expression. This gave him power shopmates. He was their "shop and a member of their committee." He was the only my employ who actually re- the full union price. In addi this. I paid him his broker's for every new man he me, and various sums as pure and simple.

explained it all to Dora. The with which I spoke and the de- my dealings with the *shadchen* have made my explanation con- for she accepted it at once.

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"*You're not fooling me, are you?*" she asked, piteously, yet in a tone of immense relief.

Strike me dumb if —

"Sh-sh! Don't curse yourself," she said, clapping her hand over my mouth. "I can't bear to hear it. I believe you. If you knew what I have gone through!"

"*Poor, poor child!*" I said, kissing her soft white fingers tenderly. "*Poor, poor baby! How could you think of such a thing! There is only one bride for me in all the world, and that is my own Dora darling.*"

Her face shone with a wan, but seeching kind of light.

Again I drew forth the bracelet.

"Foolish child!" I said, examining it. "Thank God, it isn't damaged. Not a bit."

I took her by the hand, opened the bracelet, and closed it over her wrist. She instantly took it off again, with an instinctive side-glance at the door. Then, holding it up to the light admiringly, she said:

"Oh! Oh! Must have cost a pile of money! Why did you spend so much? I can't wear it, anyway. Better return it."

"Never! It's yours, my sweetheart. Do whatever you like with it. Put it away somewhere. If you wear it for one minute every week I shall be happy. If you only look at it once in a while I shall be happy."

"I am afraid to keep it. Somebody may come across it some day. Better return it, my loved one! I am happy as it is. It would make me nervous to have it in the house."

She made me take it back.

"Thank God it wasn't a real *shadchen*! I thought I was going to commit suicide," she said.

I seized her in my arms. She abandoned herself to a transport of gratitude and happiness in which her usual fortitude melted away.

The next morning she had the appearance of one doomed to death. Her eyes avoided everybody, not only her husband and Lucy, but myself as well. She pleaded indisposition.

Max left for the synagogue, as he always did on Saturday morning. I accompanied him out of the house, on my way to business. We parted at a corner where I was to wait for a street car. Instead of boarding a car, however, I returned home. I was burning to be alone with Dora, to cuddle her out of her forlorn mood.

"I have come back for a minute just to tell you how dear you are to me," I whispered to her in the presence of the children, who were having their breakfast. I signed to her to follow me into the parlor, and she did. "Just one kiss, dearest!" I said, clasping her to me and kissing her. "I'd let myself be cut to pieces for you."

She nestled to me for a moment, gave me a hasty kiss, and ran back to the children, all without looking at me.

I went away with a broken heart.

Late that evening, when we found ourselves alone, and I rushed to her, she gently pushed me off.

"Why? What's the trouble?" I asked.

"No trouble at all," she answered, looking down, with slumberfaced gravity.

"Do you hate me?"

"Hate you! I wish I could," she answered, with a sad smile, still looking down.

"Why this new way, then?" I said, rather impatiently.

"You are dearer than ever to me, Levinsky. Tell me to jump into fire, and I will. But can't we love each other and be good?"

"What are you talking about, Dora? What has got into you? Do you know what you are to me now?" I demanded, melodramatically.

I made another attempt at kissing her, but was repulsed again.

"Not now, anyway, my loved one," she said, entreatingly. "Let a few days pass. You don't want me to feel bad, do you, dearest?"

I looked sheepish. I was convinced that it was merely a passing mood.

CHAPTER XVIII

Next Monday, when I was ready to go to my place of business, Dora left the house, pitcher in hand, before I rose from the breakfast-table. She was going for milk, but a side-glance which she cast at the floor in my direction as she turned to shut the door behind her told me that she wanted to see me in the street. After letting some minutes pass I put on my overcoat and hat, bade Max a studiously casual good-by, and departed.

I awaited her on the stoop. Presently she emerged from the grocery in the adjoining building.

"Could you be free at 4 o'clock this afternoon?" she asked, ascending the few steps, and passing by my side. "I want to have a talk with you. Somewhere else. Not at home."

"Why not at home, in the evening?"

"No. That won't do," she overruled

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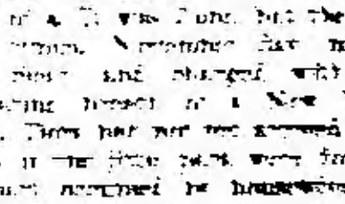

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and to the clandestine nature of our tryst, produced a singular effect upon me.

"Am I very late?" she asked.

No. Not at all. There!" I said cunningly.

She made no answer.

We could not find an empty bench, and to let Germans overhear our Yiddish, which is merely a German dialect, would have been rather risky. So she delivered her message as we walked round and round, both of us eying the asphalt all the while. Her beautiful complexion and our manner attracted much attention. The people on the benches apparently divined the romantic nature of our interview. One white-haired little man with a terrier face never took his eyes off her.

"First of all I want to tell you that this is one of the most important days in my life," she began. "It is certainly not a happy day. It's Yom Kippur with me. I want to say right here that I am willing to die for you. Lately I am terribly in love with you. Lately. Yes—"

Her voice broke. She was confused and agitated, but she soon regained her self-mastery. She spoke in soft, warm, quietly passionate tones, and gradually developed a picturesque sort of eloquence which I had never heard from her before. But then the gift of homely rhetoric is rather a common talent among Yiddish-speaking women.

The revolting sight of the dog-faced old fellow who was ogling Dora so fascinated me that it interfered with my listening. I made a point of looking away from him every time we came around to his bench, but that only made me think of him instead of listening to Dora. Finally we confined our walk to the further side of the little park, giving him a wide berth.

"I love you more than I can tell you, Levinsky," she continued. "But it is not my good luck to be happy. I dreamed all my life of love, and now that it is here, right here in my heart, I must choke it with my own hands."

"But! Why?" I said, with vehemence. "Who must you?"

"Why?" she echoed bitterly. "Because the Upper One brought you to me only to punish me, to tease me. That's all. That's all. That's all."

"How should you take it that way?"

"Don't interrupt me, Levinsky," she said, shaking, rather than speak-

[Story of Immigrant Experiences, a key of English and Yours

(Continued on page 19)

OUR CHILDREN

Subscribers of THE CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW are invited to send in pictures of their lovely children. Give the full name, age, address and names of his parents. There is no age limit for children. Pictures will be returned in good condition. They will appear in THE REVIEW in the order in which they are received in this office.

MILLARD R.
age 5 months, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Lister, 34 Heydon Park Road, Toronto.

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAY

Subscribers of the CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW are invited to send in little stories about their youngsters or children they know, what they say and do in interesting situations. Write down what your little one said to-day and mail it to the What-the-Children-Say Editor, REVIEW office, in Toronto or Montreal. Give the child's full name, age, address and the name of his parents. One dollar will be paid for every story printed.

Muriel Skepner is the six-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Saul Skepner, Chicago, and grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. D. Brown, Clinton Street, Toronto. She had completed a telephone call at a pay 'phone, but she still kept the receiver close to her ear. When the operator came on the line again Muriel said in an earnest voice: "I'm finished talking, operator, you can return my nickel now."

It Came to Pass That——

—By Dr. Cecil Roth, of London, England, fellow of the Royal Historical Society.

AUGUST 11TH.

La complicidade Grande at Lima, 1635. The Marranos who had escaped from Spain to Peru had hitherto known little disturbance, and had begun to observe their ancestral rites almost in their entirety. A chance piece of information put the Inquisition in the possession of the key to the secret, while a little judicious tattooing did the rest. On August 11th, 1635, between 12.30 and 2 o'clock, a number of arrests were simultaneously effected among the most prominent citizens and merchants of the capital. Others followed at short intervals, till the total amounted in all to no less than eighty-one. The whole city was thrown into consternation, the impression produced being (we are told) comparable to the Day of Judgment. All trade was brought to a standstill and the Bank itself was reduced to bankruptcy. Nevertheless, the Inquisition did not relax its efforts. On January 23rd, 1639, the results were witnessed in the great auto which had as yet been seen in the colony. It was celebrated with an unprecedented magnificence. Upwards of eighty persons figured in it, eleven being relaxed "in person." Of these, seven (one of whom was the famous Frate qui Maldonado da Silva, otherwise known as The Nazarene) were burned alive as "pertinacious and impenitent" martyrs to their belief in Judaism.

AUGUST 12TH.

Charter for Jews in Germany, 1530. That the communities of the Empire were able to survive the disasters of the close of the mediaeval period was due in no small measure to Josel(man of Rosheim, in Alsace (1478-1554), the great "shadchan," or Jewish ambassador, of his time. Elected while quite a young man by the communities of Alsace to represent their interests at Court, he afterwards fulfilled the same good offices for the whole of Germany. Whenever danger threatened he hurried to intervene. One of the greatest of his achievements was the disputation before the Diet of Augsburg with the apostate Antonius Margaritha, in which he gained a decisive victory. On the strength of this he was able to obtain the extension to the whole of Germany of the charter which he had previously obtained for the Jews of his native province, in which their business transactions were carefully regulated and placed on a legal footing.

AUGUST 13TH.

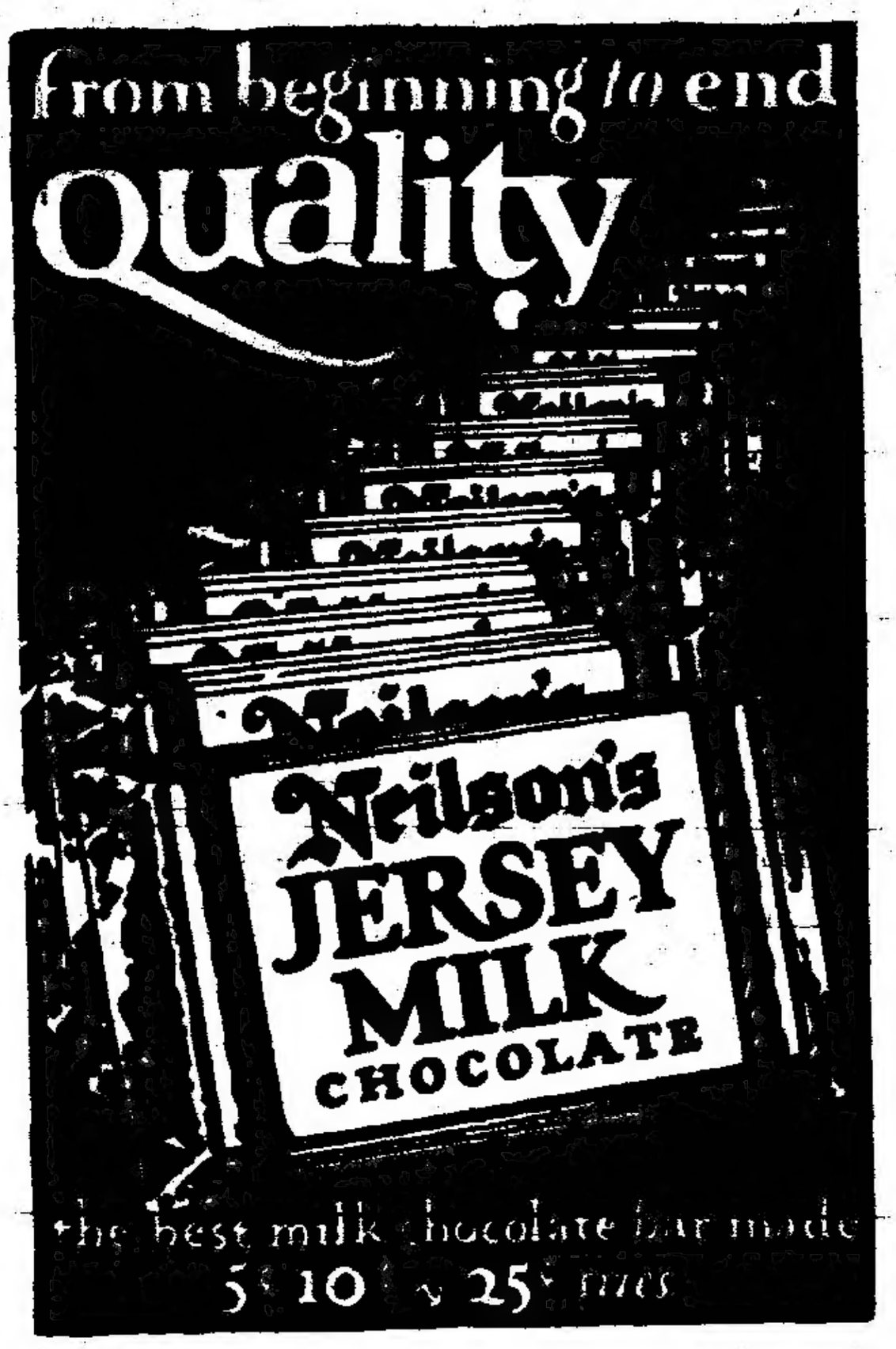
Massacres at Legnitz and Schweidnitz, 1453. The zeal of the fanatical John of Capestrano had made the lot of communities such as the Jews of Silesia. The change of Host Desecration at Breslau on June 2nd, 1453, had set the example. It was followed throughout the country. At Schweidnitz seventeen Jews including seven women were burned alive on August 13th. Those who were spared had to leave the city, all of their property being confiscated. Simultaneously a similar outrage was perpetrated at Liegnitz.

AUGUST 14TH

Privileges of Jews in Poland, 1447. The refugees from Germany and Austria had found a ready welcome in the country, where Duke Boleslaw and Casimir the Great had granted them ample privileges. The originals of these, which were preserved in Posen, had been destroyed in one of the periodical fires. The Jewish communities of the country accordingly sent a deputation to Casimir IV., their new sovereign, to obtain the confirmation of their old rights. Instead of this he granted them a new charter of privileges such as then and perhaps never since enjoyed by the Jews in any kingdom of Europe. Not only did he permit unrestricted residence and trading all over the country, but he even ordered that capricious acts of violence against them should be neglected, and protected them against the abuse of the ecclesiastical power. At the same time they were given a considerable degree of autonomy. The consequence of this beneficent policy was seen in the rapid advance of Poland to the hegemony amongst the countries of the world.

AUGUST 15TH

Death of Rabbi Jehudah ben Asher, 1349. His family was amongst the most distinguished of Jewish intellectual life in the mediaeval period. His father, Asher ben Jehiel (Rabbenu Asher), a disciple of Meir of Rothenburg, had emigrated from Germany to Spain, where he became Rabbi of Toledo and wrote an important digest of Talmudic law. One of his sons, Judah, succeeded him in the spiritual leadership of the community, in which he exercised great influence till he succumbed to the Black Death. another, Jacob, compiled on the basis of his father's work the "Tur," which served in turn as the basis of Joseph Caro's *Shulhan Arukh*. Several of Asher himself "astronomy" an activity fully as characteristic of the Jew of the Middle Ages as any other and a point to which considerable importance attaches.



AUGUST 16TH

Death of Johannes Buxtorf II., 1664. He belonged to the most notable family of Christian Hebraists that has ever existed. His father, Johannes Buxtorf the Elder (1564-1629), on the tradition, being appointed Professor of Hebrew at Basle in 1591, and writing, besides a host of minor works, one of the standard editions of the Rabbinical Bible (Basle, 1618-19). Johannes Buxtorf II. (1599-1664), while not so prolific as his father, was a correspondent with Jewish scholars all over the world, as also Menasseh ben Israel and the various Amsterdam Jews. Among his literary enterprises he published Latin translations of the Kuzari and the Guide of the Perplexed. His son, Johannes Jakob (1645-1705), and his nephew, Johannes B. (1663-1732), and Johannes Rudolph B. (1645-1714), all carried on the family tradition, being professors of Hebrew at Basle, the University of Basle, where they succeeded each other as a dynasty, in their successively.

AUGUST 17TH

Confirmation of privileges of Alexandria, 1712. It was a fortunate morning when a Jewish scribe was able to say: "The inhabitants of the people rejoiced to-day when a proclamation in the language of the land was made." A great calamity had been averted. In commemoration of the miracle, and of a similar event of some years earlier, a solemn thanksgiving was instituted to be observed each year on the anniversary of the occasion. In the event, the ordinance seems to have fallen into disuse. It is unfortunate that none of the rich and fine Jewish families of Egypt should in the days of their decline bring to its revival.

Every Friday

Recently a warning against intermarriage issued in the daily press by a public official of New York state, revealed that intermarriage between Jew and Gentile is not the monopoly of society people, so-called, who have grown away from Judaism. It seems that frequent appeals to this official, who is assistant United States district attorney, came from the Federation of Orthodox Rabbis of America on behalf of Orthodox Jewish families. He said that not only is there an increasing number of Jewish girls who marry Gentiles but that the Gentiles they marry are often intemperate people and even of criminal records. These Jewish girls come of good families but not of prominent families so that intermarriage goes on among them quietly without the publicity attendant upon intermarriages among the rich. In summing up his warning against such intermarriages as seem rash, the district attorney tries to find the reasons for these unfortunate alliances. He believes that these run-away marriages are due to improper upbringing, lack of religious training, automobiles and [illegible]

[illegible] the usual categories of today's shortcomings among [illegible] and the lack of moral restraint and the thread of blatant bad [illegible] the normal conventions and detachment which men and women of [illegible] as being necessary to social intercourse [illegible] to Gentiles and vulgarity. It is all a matter of [illegible] and good manners, decency and sense than it is a matter of bad or [illegible] Rich young children who ride roughshod [illegible] are frequently encountered among the [illegible] and even a generation or so ago. In [illegible] the children from their parents so that [illegible] helpless while the [illegible] and a tawdry [illegible] education which serves to [illegible] and such knowledge as the parent has shared with the [illegible] religious training might still be [illegible] the lure of excitement [illegible] and luxuries would be [illegible]

* * *

[illegible]

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[illegible]

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The Rise of David Levinsky

(Continued from page 13)

As she proceeded, her voice lapsed into a quaint, doleful singsong, not unlike the lament of our women over a corpse. "No, Levinsky. It is not given one to be happy. But I ask no questions of the Upper One. I used to be in peace. I was not happy, but I was in peace. I did not know what happiness was, so I did not miss it. Only I dreamed of it. But the Lord of the World would have me miss it, so that I might miss it and so my heart might be left with a big wound. I want you to know exactly how I feel. Oh, if I could turn your heart of mine inside out! Then you could see all that is going there. Listen, Levinsky. If it were for my children, my dear children, all in all in the world, I should live with Margolis another day. If he gave me a divorce, well and good; if not, then I don't know what might do. I shouldn't care. I love you and I want to be happy. I do, I do, I do."

A sob rang through her voice as she repeated the words.

"You do, and yet you are bound to make both of us miserable," I said. "Can I help it?"

"If you would you could," I said. "Get a divorce and let us be married and have it over."

She shook her head sadly. "Thousands of couples get divorced."

She kept shaking her head.

"Then what's the use pretending to love me?"

Pretending! Shall I turn my heart out to show you how hard it is to live without you? But you don't understand. No, Levinsky. I have no right to be happy. Lucy shall be happy. She certainly shan't marry a poor man. Her happiness will be mine. That's the only kind I am entitled to. She shall go to college. She shall be educated. She shall marry the man of her heart. She shall not feel alone as her mother was left by what little sense I have left to pick up."

Speech became torture and we sat in silence. The momentary interruption, the change in her physical pose, broke the spell. The solemnity went out of her voice. She seemed distracted and somewhat listless. But the room warmed up again.

"What would you have me do? Let you find out some day that her mother was a bad woman? I should die first."

"Bad woman!" I protested. "A woman could not be found anywhere in the world. You are a saint."

"I am not! I am a bad, wicked woman. I hate myself."

"You mustn't speak like that," I said, stopping my ears. "I won't hear it."

"That's what I am, a sinner. I used to be sure as good as gold. Not a speck on my soul, and now it is the pain in me. What has come over me?"

Then she finally got down to the real cause of her resistance. It was that she wanted me to move out of the house and never to see her again.

I was shocked. I fancied she was insane. I pointed out my unreasonableness. But she insisted with an almost frenzy. I argued again, reasoned all to no purpose.

"I never came close to you. All I want is to be able to see you, to live in the same house with you."

Still bewildered, my heart ached, I said, "It is very badly put. Do as I say, Levinsky. Don't you want to see me at all?"

"It is cruel of you to talk about it. You know my heart, I am ashamed to tell you that you have got to move."

"Don't you want me even to call at your home?" I asked, with an ironical smile, as though I did not take the matter seriously.

"Well, that would look strange. Call sometimes, not often, enough, and never when Margolis is out."

"Oh, I shall commit suicide," I snarled.

"Oh, well. It isn't as bad as all that."

"I will. I certainly will," I said, knowing that I was talking nonsense.

"Don't torment me, Levinsky. Don't sprinkle salt over my wound. Take pity on me like as I wish and let the truth be pulled out with as little pain as possible."

I accompanied her down the avenue as far as Houston Street, where she insisted upon our parting. Before we did, however, she indulged in another outburst of funereal oratory, bewailing her happiness as she would a dead child. It was apparently not easy for her to take leave of me, but her purpose to make our romance a thing of the past and to have me move to other lodgings remained unshaken.

"This is the last time I shall ever speak to you of my love, Levinsky," she said. "I must tear it out of my heart, even if I have to tear out a piece of my heart along with it. Such is my fate. Cursed by Levinsky. Cursed here to you. Be good. Be good. Be good. Remember you have a good head. Waste no time. Study as much as you can. God grant you luck in your business, but try to find time for your books, too. You must become a great man for you promise me to read and study a lot."

"I do. I do. But I won't move out. I can't live without you. We belong to each other, and all you say is nothing but a woman's whim. It's all bosh," I concluded, with an air of masculine superiority. "I won't move out."

"You shall, dearest. Good-by. Good-by."

She broke into a fit of sobbing, but snatched it, shook my hand vehemently and hastened away.

CHAPTER XIX

I suspect she would yield, but she did not. I found myself in the grip of an iron will and I did as I was bidden.

When I set out in quest of a furnished room I instinctively betook myself to the neighborhood of Stuyvesant Park. That park had acquired a melancholy fascination for me. As though to make amends for my spurious, I determined to move into a good, spacious room, even if I had to pay three or four times as much as I had been paying at the Marguleses'. I found a sunny front room with two windows in an old brown-stone house on East Seventh Street, between Second Avenue and First, a short distance from the little park and near an Elevated station. The curtains, the carpet, the huge, soft arm-chair, and the mirage struck me as decidedly "aristocratic." To cap the climax of comfort and "swellness," the landlady—a gray little German-American lady at my request, a brass gas-burner placed between the mantelpiece and one of the windows. It was a "combination" burner, down and all, not a mere "bat-wing" and the sight of it revelled my heart.

"I shall forget all my troubles here," I thought. "I am going to buy a complete set of Spencer and some other books. Won't the bookcase look fine! I shall read, read, read."

When I reported to Dora that I was ready to move, her face dimpled.

"You seem to be glad now," she said, with tremor dropping her eyes.

"Glad! Glad! Why, I am not going to move then, May? Any more darling name? May?"

"You are really sure you have to move?" she asked, facing a serious picture at me. "Do you really love me?"

There were tears in her eyes. I attempted to come close to her, to kiss her, but she held me back.

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FAIRVIEW CAMP

In the impromptu story telling contest at Fairview Camp during the past week the winners were Freda Schwartz, Freda Hallclsky, Hella Richmond and Celia Fleck in the 8-to 10-year section, the winners were Rose Carbell, Blanche Gang, Mary Kerin and Jennie Isbell. In the middle section winners were Celia Chichisky, Minnie Shoom, Milli Wabnitz and Diana Hallman.

Mrs Yudashkin gave a cake feast to the camp. Misses Esther and Judy Levy and Mrs H. Tigg took the salute Tuesday night. Miss Judy Levy and Mrs Tigg gave an ice cream feast. Miss E. Levy donated a Union Jack at the Marshmallow Roast. Misses Ida Yudashkin and Lil Chaplan led the sing song. The popularity contest was won by Freda Hallclsky as king, Charlotte Cohen, queen and Freda Schwartz, Marian Hellman and Celia Fleck as ladies in waiting. Mrs M. Chaplan gave a cake and fruit feast to the girls. The Friday night and Saturday morning services were conducted by Molly Silverman, Minnie Shoom, Jennie Isberg and Freda Schwartz. Sermons were delivered by Celia Fleck. Farewell to Camp. Rose Richmond, Charlotte Cohen and Blanche Gang. Being a few. Miss Thelma Latimer, camp director, blessed the Sabbath candles and Miss Celia Latimer sang prayer. Saturday night the members presented a stunt. Those taking part were Lil Chaplin, Lil White, Celia Latimer, Hella Cohen, Mary Gilman, Freda Schwartz and Thelma Latimer.

The Ampleni Dramatic Award was won by the Lone Patrolmen and the Lone Campers who came in. The Ampleni Dramatic award was won by the Local Patrolmen, counsellor Miss Lil Chaplin. Girls were Mary Black, Sophie Lockwood, Pearl Sugarman, Mary Gilman, Rose Richmond, Shie Norman, Freda Schwartz and Jennie Cohen. Honorable mention was given to Lil Schulert, Freda Hallclsky, Minnie Shoom, Celia Fleck, Mary Sugarman, Hella Richmond, Ida Chaplan, Charlotte Cohen. The Ampleni Talent award was won by the Smiling Dog, counsellor Miss Wynn. members Diana Hallman, Jennie Silverman, Jennie Isberg, Molly Shoom, Dorothy Monarovsky, Blanche Gang, Hella Richmond, Violet Gilman, Sylvia Shoom, and Milli Wabnitz. The standing for the award was Smiling Dog, 870; Local Patrolmen 791 and Jolly Campers 681. Ida Chaplain, Mrs C. Dreman and Miss A. Simonsky visited the camp.

CAMP B'NAI B'RITH

Camp B'Nai B'Rith highest award for camp spirit was given to Cabin 7, counsellor M. Goldenberg. The following boys made up the cabin: R. Jacobson, M. Schwartz, Sam Novak, Sam Novak, S. Katz, M. Levinson, A. Kaminsky, A. Strassburg, I. Cohen. The inspection shown was won by Cabin 1, counsellor A. S. Lieberman. The following boys made up the cabin: Abe Goldberg, Sam Goldberg, David Singer, Louis Lukin, Phillip Kestenberg, Charlie Kestenberg, Sam Winnefsky, Abe Diamond. The Wigwam shown was won by Cabin 1, counsellor Max Hay. The following boys made up the cabin: Lou Bloom, Barry Bloom, Alex Lukin, Simon Weinstein, George Dair, Abe Greenglass. The pennants shown was won by Cabin 7, counsellor M. Goodman. The following boys made up the cabin: William Katz, Archie Goldfarb, Sam Singer, Abe Segal, Max Green, Sully Singer, Harry Steinhart, Morris Kaminsky, Sam Steinman. The Chiefs shown was won by Cabin 9, counsellor Mr. A. Kaplan. The following boys made up the cabin: A. Stein, Abe Goldberg, Willie Salsberg, Louis Levitt, Hyman Rubinsky, Chas. Kirshner, Sam Steinhart. M. Rosenberg Mr. and Mrs. H. Fuller and Dr. and Mrs. Fleisch were guests of the camp. Swimming ribbons were awarded to the first group, Lily Sayers, Bessie Meisel (tie), Joseph Weinstein, Cabin 11, Abe Silverstein, Cabin 10 Proficiency; Herbert Levitt, Cabin 11, Jack Sandler, Cabin 11 Henry Martin Cabin 11, Saul Kurtz, Cabin 7, Hal Hodges Cabin 3, Sam Tyndel, Max Cohen, Harry Steinhart, Cabin 9, Harry Swartz, David Silver, Cabin 7, Saul Kurtz, Cabin 3, Gideon Weinstein, Hyman Steinhart Cabin 9, Harold Rubinsky, Louis Rubinsky, Saul Tyndel, Cabin 10 Nifty Stem, Abe Silverstein, Hyman Rubinsky, Sam Steinhart, M. Rosenberg, Cabin 11, Jack Sandler, Sam Diamond, Louis Davitz, Albert Levitt, Herbert Levitt, Jack Bloomenthal, Cabin 10, Ben Martin, Chas. Rosenberg, Cabin 10, Joseph Weinstein, Abe Greenglass, Willie Hodges, Cabin 7, Morris Rubinsky, Sam Steinman, Cabin 3, Saul Skupe, Cabin 10, Louis Levitt, Cabin 11, Harry Steinhart, Cabin 10, Louis Swartz, Manuel Simon, Abe Simon, Cabin 10, Alfred Bloom, Green Hodges, Cabin 7, Phillip Rosenberg, Cabin 3, Phillip Steinman, Sam Goldenberg, Harney Silver, Peter Margolis, Stefhen Peppermen, Dave Rosenberg, Norman Posuh, Cabin 4, Ben Nefsky, Louis Millgram, Louis Weinstein, Harry Heinrich, Cabin 9, Irving Goldfield, Joe Segal, Saul Singer, Cabin 3, Oscar Applebaum, Milton Katz, Philip Davis, Bennie Greenbaum, Carl Plunick, Cabin 7, Robert Davidson, M. Swartz, W. Goldstein, M. Levinson, M. Kosubski, A. Strassburg, Cabin 3, Louis Steinman, Issie Plunick, Irving Newman, Cabin 9, Henry Wagman, Henry Stein, Sam Kurtz, Morris Chippel, Sam Kaminsky, Cabin 10, Willie Salsberg, Chas. Kirshner, Cabin 11, Morris Kestenberg, N. Dubinsky, Cabin 12, Gordan Goldberg, Percy Quixon, Cabin 13, Percy Bloom, Alex Zalkin, George Clair.

At the first council ring of the second party the fires, which were prepared by David Fuller and Arthur Caplan, were lit by Danny Davis, Jake Wiskin, Bell Chorner, Freddy Shore, Morris Wayman. The director, Martin Cohn, told the story.

At camp-fire suppers each cabin group of nine boys goes with his counsellor to some place around the camp, prepares his own supper, and sits around the fire until bedtime, talking, singing and telling stories. Murray Caplan has been added to the counsellor staff for the second party. M. Goldenberg has been appointed assistant to the head counsellor.

At a stunt night the following took part: R. Cohen, H. Garten, S. Garten, L. Steiber, H. Smith, H. Mendelsohn, B. Levita, S. Breslaw, M. Perlmutter, M. Rackin, P. Gotlieb, Louis Salem, J. Sokoloff, S. Goldenberg, M. Balofsky, H. Markus, L. Nemerofsky, Harry Bader, N. Keltz, T. Fix, A. Hotz, A. Chernitsky, S. Taylor, Max Kall, Hack Grossman, Alex Berman, Louis Litowitz, J. Winkin, I. Golden, H. Finkelstein, J. Silverstein. Watermelon treat.

The following passed their Green swimming test. To pass this test the boys must swim fifteen yards, free style: S. Garten, Ralph Cohen, L. Sokoloff, H. Mendelsohn, H. Levita, H. Smith, P. Shulman, A. Brown, G. Shulman, N. Nemerofsky, Max Rachlin, M. Hoffman, J. Kirsh, A. Hotz, A. Levitt, N. Levitt, R. Lavell, A. Berman, J. Fineberg, E. Markus, H. Steiner, H. Markbreiter, M. Shore, W. Berlach, M. Grossman, J. Grossman, L. Litowitz, M. Wagman, J. Caplan, H. Cohen, J. Nemerofsky, M. Goldstein, P. Cohen, L. Salem, Sokoloff, L. Levy, A. Chorner, L. Goldberg, H. Silverstein, J. Starr, R. Lewis, D. Goldstein, M. Litowitz, S. Lesslie, H. Davis, J. Winkin, N. Ambrose, H. Finkelstein, I. Golden, J. Shapiro, H. Brown, M. Richmond, H. Berlach, N. Applebaum, H. Krayville, H. Richmond, H. Kaplan, I. Cutler, A. Shulman.

The following passed their White swimming test, of which the requirements are thirty-five yards in style, twenty-five yards breast stroke:

G. Shulman, W. Brennan, M. Kaplan, H. Starr, I. Levy, H. Charnas, S. Davis, A. Chesbro, S. Davidson, H. Finkelstein, H. Richmond. The following passed their Red swimming test of which the requirements are: 100 yards free style, 50 yards breast stroke, 50 yards back stroke, plunge diving: H. Markus, A. Chernitsky, S. Lafayette, S. Taylor, M. Hunter, I. Lafayette, S. Cutler, J. Cutler, A. Berman, I. Salem, A. Chesbro, P. Shore, M. Davis, H. Charnas, H. Chorner, B. Charnas, I. Cohen, N. Mendelsohn, H. Rosenthal, I. Cutterman, S. Sperling, H. Finsberg, I. Smith.

Two over-night hikes were held, the first with Mr. Kaplan and Mr. Fuller, and the following boys from the Local Young Canadians: Ben Charnas—Abe Charnas, Issy Levy, Louis Goldberg, Harvey Rosenblatt, Dimple Wiskin, Davy Gelfand, Ben Lama, Joe Starr. The boys walked six or seven miles to a camping spot, cooked their own meals, made their own beds. Boating is under the direction of Murray Caplan. Sermons were given by Alex Charnitsky and the Rota.

CHILDREN GIVE BENEFIT

Rita Hands, Stella Swerling, Gilbert Barrett, Elliot Wilson and Doris Swerling, of Toronto, who are summering at Big Cedar Point, held a bazaar on the grounds at the summer home of Mrs. L. Rotenberg at Big Cedar Point, in aid of the Real Home at Beattie and the Star Fresh Air Fund. The children are between the age of nine and eleven. $4.00 was realized.

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TORONTO SOCIAL

Misses Essie and Clara Rabinovitz, South Drive, left Wednesday to visit their brother, Mr. Meyer Rabinovitz, Detroit, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Marks Wallwood Road are home from a trip to Montreal and Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Samuel Hirsch Road visited their children who are spending the summer at Camp Ahmek in Algonquin Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ho Wolf of Philadelphia are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Walmer Road for two weeks.

Misses Violet Irwin and Estelle Kendal Avenue returned on Tuesday from a three weeks' through New York, New Hampshire and Montreal.

Mrs. Robert Isaacs of Chicago, is the guest of Mrs. J. J. Hanson Road, for a few days.

Mrs. S. Weinstein of Philadelphia visited her daughter, Mrs. H. Walmer Road, last week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hess, Glen spent ten days in Muskoka, Mich.

Mr. Lesley Miller and daughter of New York, who are the guests of her sister, Mrs. Harold Lansdale Road, are returning at the end of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nathanson Avenue, and Mr. and Mrs. Bedford Avenue, have returned from a ten days' fishing trip to Bracebridge.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Isserman of Holy Blossom Synagogue, spent several days at the home of A. Silverman, Summer Home, Silverbirch, Muskoka, Sunday last.

Mr. Herman and his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] have returned to New York after a delightful holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron S. Stark, Avenue, returned to New York after a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Jacobson, Bernard Avenue, visited their children at camp in Algonquin Park.

Mrs. Sol Kaufman and children, High Park Gardens, are at Oshawa, Ont.

Mrs. Belle Murchuck and Miss Betty Murchuck, Grenadier Road, spent the past week-end at Jackson's Point, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Hyman.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Weisz and daughter, Shirley, Highbourne Road, have returned home from Oshawa.

Mrs. J. H. Greenberg, Mrs. Meyer Greenberg, Beverley Street, and Miss Pearl Nathanson, of New York, spent a few days in Buffalo and Crystal Beach, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Greenblatt and children, Arlington Avenue, and Mrs. H. Cohen and children, of Hamilton, motored to Bala Muskoka for the holiday week-end.

Mrs. H. H. Fry, Bedford Street, entertained at dinner and bridge Thursday evening, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hess, of Chicago, were also of the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Goodman, 1226 Bathurst Street, and a guest, Miss Mildred Goodman, of Montreal, motored to Muskoka for the holiday week-end.

Mrs. Bernard Lansdale Road, after visiting her daughter, Mrs. Jack Regent Park Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Rosenthal, Bedford Road, have returned from a motor trip to Lake Simcoe and Muskoka.

Mrs. W. J. Rubinstein and daughter, Miss Rosemarie, Lansdowne Avenue, are visiting for a few weeks with Mrs. I. E. Kaufman, of Little Neck, L. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Berk, of New York, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. Steinberg, Huntington Boulevard, Forest Hill Village.

Dr. H. H. Rosenthal, of New York, is expected home at the end of the week to join his wife and family, who have spent the summer here at Bracebridge, returning for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Goldstein, Wallwood Road, left for a few weeks' vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Berger, Dundurn Boulevard, have returned from a motor trip to Montreal, Quebec and Lake St. John.

Mrs. P. Rosenberg, of Montreal, is the guest of Mrs. J. Rose, Manor Avenue.

Mrs. S. Levine, Bathurst Street, has moved to 114 Clinton Street, Apartment 5.

Mr. and Mrs. Epstein, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. J. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Epstein, Mr. and Mrs. I. Rothbart, Harry Rothbart, all of Toronto, and Mrs. S. Rosenbaum, of Montreal, were in Chicago to attend the wedding of Miss Ettie Rubin.

Mrs. Pearl Boxton Road, has as her guests, her sister, Misses Ella and Sara Winsberg, of Windsor, Ont.

Miss Florence Phillips, of Detroit, is the guest of Miss Hilda Rotenberg, Brunswick Avenue.

Miss Anne Pifko, Beverley Street, gave a tea Wednesday afternoon, honouring Misses Ella and Sara Winsberg, of Windsor, and Gertrude Adler, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Mandle have moved to 324 Avenue Road.

Miss Doris Cohen, Kendal Avenue, spent a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Cohen, of Hamilton.

Mrs. J. S. Greenbaum, Northcliffe Boulevard, entertained at a theatre party and tea at the Royal York Hotel, Monday afternoon, honouring Mrs. Irving Cooper, of Philadelphia.

Miss Ruth Tichler, Grace Street, has returned home after spending the past two weeks at Belle Ewart.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Levenberg, and son, Harold, Village Place, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. S. Brenner,

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Brunswick Avenue, motored Wednesday last to the Sulphur Springs Hotel, Preston, Ont.

Mrs. Saul Rosen and Mrs. J. P. Thorne entertained Saturday last at a bridge and presentation at the home of the latter, 7 Langford Avenue, honouring their sister, Miss Dorothy Levine, a bride elect of August.

Mrs. P. S. Roth and children, Heath Street, are summering at the Eureka Hotel, Belle Ewart.

Mrs. K. Wittenberg and Mrs. D. Posner, of Rochester, N.Y., who were visiting Dr. and Mrs. J. Pollock, Bathurst Street, for one month, have returned home.

Mrs. A. Bright, Lascelles Boulevard, is staying for a few weeks at Mount Clemens.

Mrs. Chas. Nixon, Delaware Avenue, is spending a few weeks at Mount Clemens.

Mrs. I. Asher and family, Bartley Drive, are summering at Roche's Point.

Mrs. A. Frankel and family, Crawford Street, are spending the summer at Roche's Point, Ont.

Misses Miriam and Eleanor Wolfson, Avenue Road, entertained a few

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was the guest of Miss Bea Jackson, Dufferin St and Mr and Mrs D Wolfe Kingston Road, was entertained by a theatre-party Max Wolfe theatre Miss D Goodhead luncheon Arcadian Court Miss Bea Jackson, afternoon Miss Pearl Goodhead, luncheon Royal York Mrs B Cohen luncheon Georgian Room Miss Bea's Goodhead bathing party and supper Mrs B Hellick supper Miss D Gold, mah jongg Miss D Mendel dinner Bill Wolfe tea King Edward Hotel Mrs Harold B Jackson dinner Mrs D Wolfe theatre Miss Bea Jackson

Miss Betty Stein Brunswick Avenue is spending the summer at Jackson's Point, Ont.

Mrs I J Dubov and children Lansdowne Avenue are summering at Big Cedar Point

Miss Mildred Gottlieb Bleecker Street West Montreal is the guest of her brother and sister Mr and Mrs A Gottlieb 1585 Bathurst Street

Mr and Mrs Al Goldman and baby of Rochester, N Y who spent several weeks in Toronto and Muskoka have gone home

Mr and Mrs D Weiss Huron Street are spending a month in St Louis, Mo, U S A

Mrs Julia Leonard Miss Charlotte Leonard Palmerston Boulevard, and Misses Clara and Eva Rosenthal St Clair Avenue West motored to Buffalo and visited Beach Co the holiday week end While in Buffalo they were guests of Miss Henrietta Horwitz

Miss Amelia Adler Crawford Street entertained at a dancing party down town Thursday evening in honour of her sister Miss Gertrude Adler of New York

Mrs B Mendelsohn and son Harry, Christie Avenue are spending a month in Mount Clemens, Mich

Miss Betty A Barnbok and Miss Dave Rowan are taking their vacation at Crystal Beach, Ont

Mrs Ida Vadeboncoeur Lauder Avenue is holidaying at Sparrow Lake Muskoka

Miss Anne Goldfarb of New York, who spent the past three weeks with her parents Mr and Mrs D Gold at the Beaver has returned

Miss Sadie Rotenberg entertained at bridge and tea Tuesday afternoon last at her summer home in Big Cedar Point

Mr and Mrs Milton Meretsky, Huron Street are summering with their parents Mr and Mrs Meretsky, Lower Sandwich near Windsor

Miss Beatrice Sukoff Spruhmount Avenue was vacationing at Sparrow Lake Muskoka

Masters Mildred and Frank, children of Dr and Mrs H A Turofsky, Bathurst Street are summering at New Beach

Mr and Mrs H R Fox, Beatrice Street were dinner hosts Tuesday evening honoring Mr and Mrs W. Bass, [illegible]

Miss Rose Samuels, Sackville Street who spent two weeks in Portland, Maine has returned home.

Mr and Mrs Harry Silter, Highland Road motored to Detroit for the week-end.

Miss Esther Daniels Niagara Street left on Sunday for New York City.

Mrs S L Pearm and family are [illegible] at Jackson's Point.

Mrs B Brazman and son, Morton, Crescent Road, have left to stay for two weeks at Test City.

Mrs A Davis Huron Street is [illegible] spending several weeks in Huntsville, Midland and Hamilton Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Daniels, Niagara Street, have as their guests, Mr. Mrs. W. Bass and Mrs. Summers Chicago.

Miss Rena Schaffer, Palmerston Boulevard, is holidaying at Crystal Beach.

Miss Clara Simon, Springhurst Avenue, spent a week at Sparrow Lake, Muskoka.

Miss Debbie Rosenbloom, Markham Street, spent the holiday week end at Cedarmere Hotel, Cobourg.

H. Winberg and daughter, Miss Ethel Winberg, Lake Front, who have been spending the past few weeks in Chicago and Edgewater Beach, Milwaukee and Detroit, returned home Friday.

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Aug 23 - Sept 7

Misses Minnie Brandstein, Annie Cass and Lillian Simkin spent the holiday week end in Midland, Ont., with the latter's parents Mr. and Mrs. J. Simkin.

Mrs. J. Ellis, Manitoba Avenue, entertained Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Davidson and son, Carol, Euclid Avenue, spent the holiday week end with their parents Mr. and Mrs. M. Davidson, of Oshawa.

Miss Ida Silverman, Grace Street is leaving to spend a month in Montreal.

Mrs. I. Greenfield of Detroit is the guest of Mrs. S. Greenfield, Beatrice Street, for a few weeks.

Mrs. H. J. Caplan, Borden Street, was a dinner party honouring her sister, Mrs. A. Goodeman, of Calgary, Alta.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Silverman and daughter, Doris, Manitoba Avenue, and Mr. and Mrs. M. Gold, Barton Avenue, attended a four day convention at the Royal York Hotel.

Mrs. L. Adler, Crawford Street, has left to spend several weeks in Montreal.

Morris and William Mersky of Detroit are visiting their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lapnik, Manitoba Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Silverman and son and daughter, Grace Street and Miss Ida Lapnik, Manitoba Avenue, motored to Detroit over the holiday week end. Mrs. Silverman will remain for three weeks at Mount Clemens, Mich.

Miss Betty James, Bloor Street West, has left to visit friends and relatives in New York for two weeks.

Mrs. A. Cavanagh, Churchill Avenue, is leaving on Sunday for a visit with Miss Linda Lewis of Montreal.

Mrs. M. Gordon of Buffalo, N.Y., is visiting for the past few weeks at Mount Clemens, Mich., the guests of her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Max Dorfman, Manitoba Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Kaye and family, Manitoba Avenue, spent the holiday week end in Muskoka.

Mrs. Wm. Rosenthal, Wells Hill, entertained the visitors and members of Parkdale Women's Hebrew Association, Thursday afternoon. Cards and sewing were enjoyed. Mrs. Rosenthal will be assisted by Mrs. Jacobs and Mrs. Brown of Montreal, who are the guests of her sister, Mrs. Anna [illegible]

[illegible] Mrs. S. Rosenthal, Wells Hill, [illegible]

[illegible] Mrs. Sam

[illegible twice], left to spend the remainder of the summer at Oshawa.

Mr and Mrs. Barnett Hambura (ex Ruby Hermant) who spent the honeymoon in Buffalo, N.Y., New York, Atlantic City, Philadelphia and Washington visited us for a week en route to Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle. While here they stayed at the King Edward Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Levine and daughter, Helen, of Chicago are spending a week with their mother, Mrs. D. Levine, Palmerston Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Fine and family are spending the rest of the summer at Keswick beach.

Miriam Brady, Palmerston Boulevard, has left for camp in Muskoka.

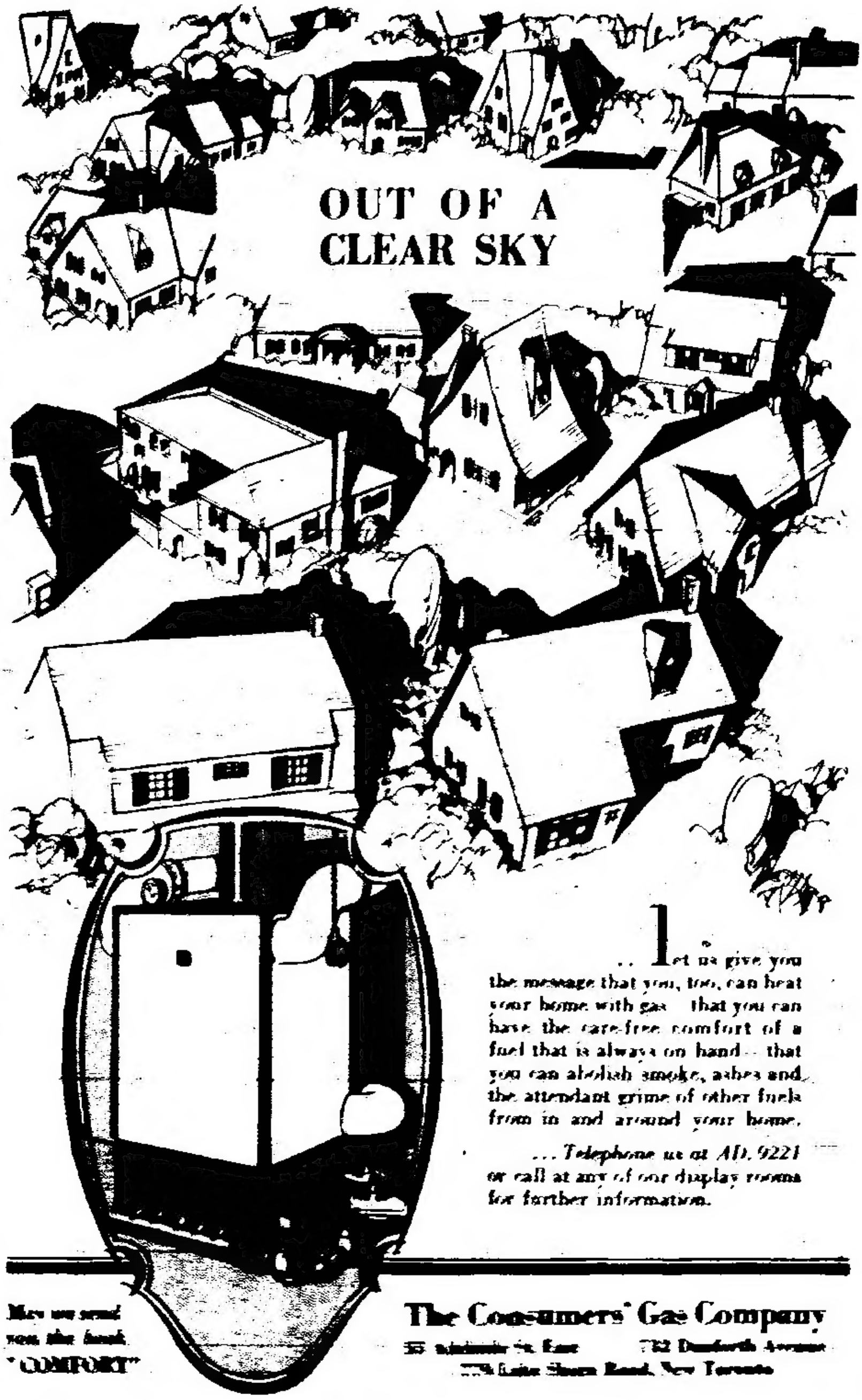
Among those who entertained for Miss Tina Botarsky, nurse-in-training at the Jewish Hospital, Philadelphia, while here on a three weeks' visit were: Miss Marcia Isaac, 383 Palmerston Avenue, whose guest was Rae Grossman; Mrs. Bildner, 4 Parkmeadow; B. Karzman, Spadina Crescent, of Rochester and Harry Isaac, dinner and theatre; B. Karzman, Miss Kate Perlman and Rae Grossman, bridge at former's home, 155 Markham St.; Miss Lena Stolz, informal dance at latter's home, 258 Westmoreland; Misses Ethel Pozen and Ida Isaac, dinner and theatre; Mrs. Cohen, supper; Mrs. Rotstein, tea and theatre; Mrs. Greenstein, Miss Rae Shipsky and Harry Isaac, theatre; Miss Rae Sherbick, Miss Grace Kahn, theatre; Mrs. Franklin, dinner at summer home in Bronte.

LEAGUE RESULTS

Scores of last week's games in Jewish Community Softball League follow: Mon. July 29th: Maccabi Hawks 10, Kadimas 1; Tues. July 30th: XX Y M-C-A 7, Harmonists 5; Wed. July 31st: Kadimas 10, X Y Trojans forfeited. XX Wood Games for coming week: Mon. Aug. 5th: Kadimas vs. Maccabi Hawks; Tues. Aug. 6th: Harmonists vs. Maccabi Hawks; Wed. Aug. 7th: Kadimas vs. Harmonists. All games in Central "A" at Central.

CAMP B'NAI B'RITH

Sunday afternoon, July 28th, at Camp B'nai B'rith an indoor track meet was held. Results: four man relay bantam boys: Cabin 8, N. Appelbaum, M. Shiner, P. Shiner, M. Godfrey; four man relay junior boys: Cabin 5, Ben Chernos, L. Godfrey, I. Levy, J. Starr; four man relay major boys: Cabin 11, Harry Starr, L. Potter, I. Selim, J. Brooks. Track fighting: Bantam boys: 1, M. Weiner, cabin 3; 2, S. Shulman, cabin 2; Minor boys: 1, I. Levy, cabin 4; 2, I. Hoffs, cabin 10; Major boys: 1, N. Ambrose, cabin 5; 2, Ir. Imrich, cabin 13. Potato race: Bantam boys: cabin 2, S. Gaston, R. Cohen, L. Steiner, H. Levine. Minor boys: cabin 10, M. Gerzner, J. Hoffs, A. Cunningham, S. Taylor. Major boys: cabin 13, H. Schiller, I. Imrich, F. Starr, M. Lipowitz. Swimming: Diving: prizes awarded to M. Singer, L. Berlin, H. Ballard, L. Steiner, R. Gaston, P. Gaston, R. Cohen, L. Goldstein, H. Levine, H. Smith, P. Shulman, J. Brown, Jos. Kinsberg, E. Markus, M. Kaplan, H. Mecklinger, L. Nemerofsky, M. Goldstein, P. Gottlieb, L. Stein, I. Sikoloff, S. Goldenberg, Norman Antipass, I. Golden, J. Smookler, N. Brown, B. Bradlow, N. Nemerofsky, M. Barbilla, B. Levitt, M. Perlmutter, S. Kirsh, M. Rhorer, J. Berlin, I. Feinstein, A. Cohen, L. Goldberg, Gimple Wiskin, H. Cohen, I. Starr, H. Lamb, L. Gottlieb, Jan M. Richmond, H. Butler, M. Godfrey, Jos. Fine, A. Hoffs, S. Levitt, B. Levitt, S. Joss, A. Bur-



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Mendelsohn, H Rosenthal Proficiency certificates in life saving went to A Lebovitch, L Lutterman, Cohen N Mendelsohn, M Gomel, B Taylor P Shore H Pinsberg Bronze medallions for life saving went to A Chwolitsky A Ginsberg, B Gotlieb, J Gotlieb H Schiller, I Salem Committee awarded bronze medallions were A S Leralbaum, J L Newman A Caplan Seventeen passed their life saving test The ribbon for the best showing at The Council Ring was awarded to cabin 4 by Mr English The boys who received those ribbons were H Ginsberg I Nemowitz M Goldstein P Gotlieb M Rabkofsky, L Salem P Cigelfield J Sokoloff, S Goldenberg H Markus Counsellor in charge of the cabin was Leo Solick who presented the ribbon for the best all-Amateur to Cabin 5 The boys who received ribbons were S Sperling J Wiskin L Lutterman H Pinsberg L Smith N Ambrose H Rabkowitz I Goldenberg Smeckler H Brown The counsellor in charge of Cabin 5 was Mr English The inspection ribbon for the cabin ranking highest in cleanliness was awarded to Cabin 7 who were taken out on a picnic for the honour The ribbons were awarded by Mr Kaplan The boys to receive ribbons were M Shore W Mr Rabkin J Grossman M Newman L Lutowitz H Goodman S Green N Berman Counsellor in charge of the cabin was Mr Mosser The woodcraft ribbon was awarded to Cabin 8 by Mr Caplan who took woodcraft classes The boys who received these ribbons were B Berman I Lewis A Chayner L Goldenberg, G Wiskin H Smuckler J Shore R Lipkin D Goland The counsellor in charge of Cabin 8 was S Mirsky The athletic ribbon for the best athletes was awarded to Cabin 8 by Mr Shackleton The boys who received ribbons were M Shore J Lewis H Rabkin N Kotik M Goldfarb J Cohen M Perkin N A Newman. The counsellor in charge of Cabin 4 was M Shack The highest number of points of the camp went to Cabin 10 The boys who received ribbons were M Goldstein A Rose A Chwolitsky S Tarnow M Gazer N Levine S Lavell S Lewis The counsellor in charge of Cabin 10 was Ike Caplan The boys were [illegible] In the water polo the [illegible] Cabin 8 Rabkin J Schwartz H Goldenberg H Ginsberg S Pap[illegible] H Wasserman

ORION A. C. ELECTION

[illegible] last at the home of the [illegible] annual president Sid Goldner vice-president Sol Rose secretary, Harry Green treasurer Phil Goldner social convener Harold Kimmel athletic director [illegible] Directors elected were [illegible] Lee Sol Rose, Dominion [illegible]

CHILDREN'S PLAY BAZAARS

Playgrounds and Library Plan of the Education Committee and Social Service Department of the Council of Jewish Women, in addition to the usual programme of activities, conducted a series of Children's Bazaars during the month of July. Each bazaar was held on a different playground and was in charge of the children who attended that playground. Each child was given a number of tickets and was encouraged to sell as many as possible. Each child was also encouraged to bring articles from home to sell at the bazaar. Each child was given a number of tickets and was encouraged to sell as many as possible. Each child was also encouraged to bring articles from home to sell at the bazaar.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rosenstein of Lake Park, announced a children's social evening in the Harbour Room [illegible] Those participating in the [illegible] numbers of the guild in Evening

Born

To Mr and Mrs Benstein of Windsor, Ont., (née Ida Jolofsky) of Toronto, Thursday, August 1, a son, at the Hotel Dieu, Windsor.

To Mr and Mrs M M. Bolder Dearborn, Michigan (née Rose Goodman) formerly of Toronto, at Mount Sinai Hospital, Toronto, Saturday, August 3rd, a son.

OSHAWA

Among those who complimented Mrs H Elsbourn of Detroit, who was visiting Mr and Mrs S Elsbourn, of Oshawa were: Mrs M Isenberg, luncheon, Mrs M Ambrose dinner and luncheon, Mr H Engel, dinner and bridge, Mrs. S Schwartz, dinner and presentation, Mrs M Marsler, dinner and luncheon, Mrs S A Engel, dinner, Mrs Rubin luncheon, Miss Anne Collis, theatre, Mrs S Elsbourn bridge and presentation at which prizes were won by Mrs H Elsbourn of Detroit, Mrs H Margulies and Mrs Zeldin of Toronto — Mrs. S Schwartz, Mrs Emmelefsky and Anne Collis of Oshawa. Guest prizes were given to Mrs H Elsbourn of Detroit, Mrs Jack Engel of Toronto and Mrs H Margulies, of Toronto.

Mrs I Emelefsky, of Toronto is visiting Mrs M Isenberg, of Oshawa.

Mrs H Margulies, of Toronto, is visiting Mr and Mrs M Ambrose of Oshawa. Among hostesses for Mrs. Margulies were Mrs. M Ambrose dinner and luncheon; Mrs H Engel, dinner, Mrs. M Marsler dinner and luncheon, Mrs. S. Elsbourn, bridge.

Dinah Chapter of Hadassah held their second Annual picnic at Lake View Park, Oshawa.

Mr and Mrs. Jack Engel, of Toronto are visiting their parents, Mr and Mrs H Engel, King Street West.

Mrs M Marsler, entertained in honour of Mrs A. Swartz, of Sarnia.

H Engel has returned from a three weeks' stay in Mount Clemens, Mich.

HAMILTON

Mrs. H. Grofsky and children, Spadina Avenue, Hamilton, are summering at Jackson's Point, Ont.

SAVOIR FAIRE

Hymie was pushing a cart filled with heavy clothes through the street. It was hot and the pushcart was heavy so he stopped a moment to rest. A passing gentleman noticed him and thinking the burden too heavy for the boy offered to help him. Hymie accepted gratefully.

"Say, what's in your box anyway, you're pushing a heavy load?" queried the man indignantly after they had pushed the cart a few minutes.

"That's what I told him, mister," answered Hymie innocently, "but he said it wouldn't be so hot because some one would be sure to come along and help me and now he was right."

Moses Mercer, a native of the first Hebrew geography died recently. He was 86 years old. He was born in Mercer County and was well known as a businessman.

THE UPTOWN
STARTING SATURDAY
LARRY RICH
And Friends
A group of past-masters in the art of entertainment
OTHER ACTS
"THE GHOST TALKS"
A farce that will make you roar with laughter
ALL-TALKING

PANTAGES
Week of August 12th
100% Talking and Singing
"College Love"
with the cast of
THE COLLEGIANS
All Talking Comedies
4 BIG VAUDEVILLE ACTS

UPTOWN
STARTING SATURDAY
10,000 WOMEN WANTED
to learn the newest
"FASHIONS IN LOVE"
from
Adolphe Menjou
SPECIAL
SIR A. CONAN DOYLE
Creator of "Sherlock Holmes"
talking to you from the screen

LOEW'S
Week of Mon., Aug 12th
LEWIS STONE
PEGGY WOOD
LEILA HYAMS
in the story of a man whose marriage was too happy
Wonder of Women
SOUND AND DIALOGUE also
BIG VAUDEVILLE PROGRAM

NORTHERN ONTARIO CANADA

Northern Ontario, now open for settlement at fifty cents per acre, contains millions of acres of the finest agricultural land in the world. Its resources in lumber, minerals, water, power, fish, game and scenery are immense. The land calls for men to cultivate it, and in return will give health, comfort and prosperity.

What settlers say of the soil, climate, farming, and forest life, is told in a most attractive booklet issued under the direction of the Honourable John S. Martin, Minister of Agriculture for Ontario. Full instructions in regards to acquiring a title to these rich agricultural lands are also given.

For free copies write: G. A. ELLIOTT, Director of Colonization, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ontario.
"Please mention this paper."

The Rise of David Levinsky

(Continued from page 15)

"I have thought it all out. Don't you see, I'll say we had a quarrel over your boozed bill."

"A nice dodge, indeed! It may fool Minnie, not him."

"Leave it all to me. Better tell me what sort of lodgings you have got. Is it a decent room? Plenty of air and sunshine? But, no, don't tell me anything I mustn't know."

I sneered.

She was absorbed in thought, wheels, nerves.

Presently she said, with an effect of speaking to herself:

"It's sweet to suffer for what is right."

I moved out according to her prediction. I came home at 10 the first evening. My double room, with its great arm-chair, carpets, bookcase, imposing silk curtains, and the genteel silence of the street outside, was a prison to me. I attempted to read, but there was a lump in my throat and the lines swam before me.

I went out, roamed about the streets, dropped in at a Hungarian restaurant, took another ramble, and returned to my room.

I tossed about on my great double bed. I sat up in front of one of my windows, gazing at a street-lamp. It was not solely Dora, but also Fuchsienne that I missed. Only the latter now aroused hostile feelings in me.

Max called at my shop the next day. The sight of him set me to rights. I received him in manner wise.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" he inquired, with pained surprise. "What did you two quarrel about?"

I made no answer. His presence roused me. My surly reticence was now acting. But I knew that he interpreted it into grim resentment against Dora, as though I said, "Your confidant had better be left out."

"What nonsense! She charged you too much, did she? Is that the way it began? Did she insult you? Well, such folk are liable to flare up, you know. Tell me all about it. I'll straighten it out between you. The children miss you awfully. Come, don't be a fool, Levinsky. Who ever took heed of a woman seriously? What do you say that you should take it so hard?"

"You had better ask her," I replied with a well-acted frown.

"Ask her! She gets wild when I never saw her so wild. She insulted me first. Well, a woman, but you aren't one. Come to the house this evening, will you?"

"That's out of the question."

"Then meet me somewhere else. I want to have a talk with you. It's childish."

I needed important affairs that must be attended that I couldn't join him after in the evening, but I broke the appointment. I promised to be at a Canal Street cafe on a day that he did not mention the unfortunate episode nor offer to effect a reconciliation between Dora and myself.

"I have a tough customer to deal with," he said.

When I came to the cafe at noon Max was waiting for me. He broke his promise about consulting the case of Dora, but he talked of it, and his remarks served as an excellent key to his feelings. The sad plight I was in made him literally unbearable to me. To turn the conversation I sat down, and thus bored him.

About a week after he called at my shop. He informed me that Dora had a new apartment up in Harlem, where the rooms were even more modern and cheaper than on Division Street.

"I wouldn't mind staying with her, as far as I am concerned," he observed. "But you know how women are. Everybody is making up now, as the most natural thing in the world. My face hardened, as if to say: 'Why will you speak of your wife? You know I can't bear to hear of her.' At the same time I said to myself: 'Poor Dora! She must have found it hard to live on me all these years now that I am no longer there.'

His next visit to my shop took place after a lapse of three or four weeks. He hesitated upon his way home and the Harlem dwellings generally, and I made an effort to show him verbal attention and to seem myself generally as though there were no cause for estrangement between us, but I failed.

At last he said, resentfully: "What's the matter with you? Why are you so cross? If you and Dora are not a fighting pair, is that any reason why you and I should not be good friends?"

"Who says I am cross?" I protested. "Who says I am cross?"

We parted in very friendly terms. But it was a long time before I saw him again, and then under circumstances that were a disagreeable surprise to me.

BOOK X
ON THE ROAD
CHAPTER I

What went by. My fascination seemed to be growing in accelerating intensity. From time to time, when I chanced to read some part of Dora's letter, her person would come over to me with special vividness, smiting me with sudden cruelty. The very skin of my flesh would grip by consciousness. At such moments my agony would be so great that I seemed to be in the throes of a physical malady. During intervals there was a steady gnawing pain. It was as though the disconcerting particles of a dirt particle had settled somewhere in the region of my heart to ruminate. I knew my remedy where I recognized the pain is in the appendicitis. It was the same flavor as the premise of my abandoning me for Matilda.

My chief fear was of meeting Dora. I imagined myself face to face with her, and I was overcome by a sense of helplessness. I knew that I should be unable to speak to her. I should be dumb. I should be unable to look her in the face. I should be unable to move. I should be unable to breathe. I should be unable to think. I should be unable to feel. I should be unable to live. I should be unable to die. I should be unable to do anything. I should be unable to be anything. I should be unable to be nothing. I should be unable to be something. I should be unable to be anything else. I should be unable to be myself. I should be unable to be anyone else. I should be unable to be anyone. I should be unable to be no one. I should be unable to be everyone. I should be unable to be ever

Suppose you try to sell cloaks? There's lots of money in it."

The outcome of our conversation was that he agreed to spend a week or two in my shop preparatory to soliciting orders for me, at first in the city and then on the road.

Our interview lasted a little over an hour, but that hour produced a world of difference in our relations. He had met me with a patronising, "Hello, Levinsky." When we parted there was a note of gratitude and of something like obsequiousness in his voice.

CHAPTER II

On a Friday afternoon, during the first week of Bender's connection with my establishment, as he and I were crossing a side-street on our way from luncheon, I ran into the loosely built, bulky figure of Max Margolis. Max and I paused with a start, both embarrassed. I greeted him complaisantly.

"And how are you?" he said, looking at the lower part of my face.

I introduced my companion and after a brief exchange of trivialities we were about to part, when Max detained me.

"Wait. What's your hurry?" he said. "There is something I want to speak to you about. In fact, it was to your shop I was going."

His manner disturbed me. "Were you? Come on, then," I said.

"Hold on. What's your hurry? We might as well talk here."

Bender tipped his hat and moved away, leaving us to ourselves.

"What is it?" I repeated, with studied indifference.

"Well, I should like to have a plain, frank talk with you, Levinsky," he answered. "There is something that is bothering my mind. I never thought I should speak to you about it, but at last I decided to see you and have it out. I was going to call on you and to ask you to go out with me, because you have no private office."

There was a nervous, under-dog kind of air about him. His damp lips revolted me.

"But what is? What are all these preliminaries for? Come to the point and be done with it. What is it?" Then I asked, with well-simulated indignation, "Your wife has not persuaded you that I have cheated her out of some money, has she?"

"Why, no. Not at all," he answered, looking at the pavement. "It isn't that at all. The thing is driving me mad."

"But what is it?" I shouted, in a rage.

"S-sh!" he said, nervously. "If you are going to be excited like that it's no use speaking at all. Perhaps you are doing it on purpose to get out of it."

"Get out of what? What on earth are you prating about?" I demanded, with a fine display of perplexity and sarcasm.

We were attracting attention. Bystanders were eying us. An old woman, leading a boy by the hand, even paused to watch us, and then her example was followed by some others.

"Come on, for God's sake!" he implored me. "All I want is a friendly talk with you. We might talk in your shop, but you have no private office."

"Whether I have one or not is none of your business," I retorted, with irrelevant resentment.

We walked on. He proposed to take me to one of the hall and meeting-room places in which he did business, and I acquiesced.

A few minutes later we were seated on a long cushion of red plush covering one of the benches in a long, narrow meeting-hall. We were close to the window, in the full glare of daylight. A few feet off the room was in semi-darkness which, still farther off, lapsed into night. As the plush cushions stretched their lengths into the deepening gloom their live red died away. There was a touch of weirdness to the scene, adding to the oppressiveness of the interview.

"I want to ask you a plain question," he began, in a strange voice. "And I want you to answer it frankly. I assure you I sha'n't be angry. On the contrary, I shall be much obliged to you if you tell me the whole truth. Tell me what happened between you and Dora."

I was about to burst into laughter, but I felt that it would not do. Before I knew how to act he added, with a sort of solemnity:

"She has confessed everything."

"Confessed everything!" I exclaimed, with a feigned compound of hauteur, indignation, and amusement, playing for time.

"That's what she did."

A frenzy of hate took hold of me. I panted to be away from him, to be out of this room, semi-darkness, red cushions, and all, and let the future take care of itself. And so, jumping to my feet, I said, in a fury:

"You always were a liar and an idiot. I don't want to have anything to do with you." With which I made for the door.

"Oh don't be excited. Don't go yet, Levinsky dear, please," he implored, hysterically, running after me. "I have the best of feelings for you. May the things that I wish you come to me. Levinsky! Dear friend! Darling!"

"What do you want of me?" I demanded, with quiet rancor, pausing at the door and half opening it, without moving on.

"If you tell me it isn't true I'll believe you, even if she did confess. I don't know if she meant what she said. If only you were not excited! I want to tell you everything, everything."

I laughed sardonically. My desire to escape the ordeal gave way to strange curiosity. He seemed to be aware of it, for he boldly shut the door. He begged me to take a seat again, and I did, a short distance from the door, where the gloom was almost thick enough to hide our faces from each other's view.

"Why, you are simply crazy, Max!" I said. "You probably bothered the life out of her and she confessed to put an end to it all. You might as well have made her confess to murder."

"That's what she says now. But I don't know. When she confessed she confessed. I could see it was the truth."

"You *are* crazy, Max! It is all nonsense. Ab-solutely."

"Is it?" he demanded, straining to make out the expression of my face through the dusk. "Do assure me it is all untrue. Take pity, dear friend. Do take pity."

"How can I assure you, seeing that you have taken that crazy notion into your head and don't seem to be able to get rid of it? Come, throw that stuff out of your mind!" I scolded him, monitorially. "It's enough to make one sick. Come to reason. Don't be a fool. I am no saint, of course, but in this case you are absolutely mistaken. Why, Dora is such an absolutely respectable woman, a fellow would never dare have the slightest kind of fun with her. The idea!"—with a little laugh. "You are a baby, Max. Upon my word, you are. Dora and I had some words over my bill and—well, she insulted me and I wouldn't take it from her. That's all there was to it. Why, look here, Max. With your knowledge of men and women, do you mean to say that something was going on under your very nose and you never noticed anything? Don't you see how ridiculous it is?"

"Well, I believe you, Levinsky," he said, lukewarmly. "Now that you assure me you don't know anything about it, I believe you. I know you are not an enemy of mine. I have always considered you a true friend. You know I have. That's why I am having this talk with you. I am feeling better already. But you have no idea what I have been through the last few weeks. She is so dear to me. I love her so." His voice broke.

I was moved with a feeling of mixed abomination and sympathy.

"You are a child," I said, taking him by the hand. As I did so every vestige of hostility faded out of me. My heart went out to him. "Come, Max, pull yourself together! Be a man!"

"I have always known you to be my friend. I believe all you say. I first began to think of this trouble a few days after you moved out. But at first I made no fuss about it. I thought she was not well. I came to see you a few times and you did not behave like a fellow who was guilty."

I gave a silent little laugh.

He related certain intimate incidents which had aroused his first twinge of suspicion. He was revoltingly frank.

"I spoke of her plainly," he said. "'What's the matter with you, Dora?' I asked her. 'Don't you like me any more?' And she got wild and said she hated me like poison. She never talked to me like that before. It was a different Dora. She was always downhearted, cranky. The slightest thing made her yell or cry with tears. It got worse and worse. Oh, it was terrible! We quarreled twenty times a day and the children cried and I thought I was going mad. Maybe she was just missing you. You were like one of the family, don't you know. And, well, you are a good-looking fellow, Levinsky, and she is only a woman."

"Nonsense!" I returned, the hot color mounting to my cheeks. "I am sure Dora had not a bad thought in her mind—"

"But she confessed," he interrupted me. "She said she was crazy for you and I could do as I pleased."

"But you know she did not mean it. She said it just for spite, just to make you feel bad, because you were quarreling with her."

He quoted a brutal question which he had once put to her concerning her relations with me, and then he quoted Dora as answering:

"Yes, yes, yes! And if you don't like it you can sue me for divorce."

I laughed, making my merriment as realistic as I could.

"It's all ridiculous nonsense, Max," I said. "You made life miserable to her and she was ready to say anything. She may have been worried over something, and you imagined all sorts of things. Maybe it was something about her education that worried her. You know how ambitious she is to be educated, and how hard she takes these things."

Max shook his head pensively.

"I am sure it is as I say," I continued. "Dora is a peculiar woman. The trouble is, you judge her as if she were like the other women you meet. Hers is a different character."

This point apparently interested him.

"She is always taken up with her thoughts," I pursued. "She is not so easy to understand, anyway. I lived over a year in your house, and yet I'll be hanged if I know what kind of woman she is. Of course you're her husband, but still—can you say you know what she is think of most of the time?"

"There is something in what you say," he assented, half-heartedly.

As we rose to go he said, timidly: "There is only one more question I want to ask of you Levinsky. You won't be angry, will you?"

"What is it?" I demanded, with a good-natured laugh. "What is bothering your head?"

"I mean if you meet her now, sometimes?"

"Now, look here, Max. You are simply crazy," I said earnestly. "I swear to you by my mother that I have not seen Dora since I moved out of your house, and that all your suspicions are nonsense" (to keep the memory of my mother from desecration I declared mutely that my oath referred to the truthful part of my declaration only—that is, exclusively to the fact that I no longer met Dora).

"I believe you, I believe you, Levinsky," he rejoined.

We parted more than cordially, Max promising to call on me again and to spend an evening with me.

I was left in a singular state of mind. I was eaten up with compunction and yet the pain of my love reasserted itself with the tantalizing force of two months before.

Max never called on me again.

CHAPTER III

As a salesman Bender proved a dismal failure, but I retained him in my employ as a bookkeeper and a sort of general supervisor. I could offer him only ten dollars a week, with a promise to raise his salary as soon as I could afford it, and he accepted the job "temporarily." As general supervisor under my orders he developed considerable efficiency, although he lacked initiative and his naïveté was a frequent cause of annoyance to me. I found him spotlessly honest and devoted.

I quickly raised his salary to fifteen dollars a week.

He was the embodiment of method and precision and he often nagged me for my deficiency in these qualities. Sometimes these naggings of his or some display of poor judgment on his part would give rise to a tiff between us. Otherwise we got along splendidly. We were supposed to be great chums. In reality, however, I would freely order him about, while he would address me with a familiarity which had an echo of respectful distance to it.

With him to take care of my store when I was away, it became possible for me gradually to extend my territory as traveling salesman till it reached Nebraska and Louisiana. Thus, having failed as a drummer himself he made up for it by enabling me to act as one.

He had been less than a year with me when his salary was twenty dollars.

Charles Eaton, the Pennsylvanian of the hemispherical forehead and bushy eyebrows who had given me my first lesson in restaurant manners, was now my sponsor at the beginning of my career as a full-fledged traveling salesman. He took a warm interest in me. Having spent many years on the road himself, more particularly in the middle West and Canada, he had formed many a close friendship among retailers, so he now gave me some valuable letters of introduction to merchants in several cities.

When I asked him for suggestions to guide me on the road he looked perplexed.

"Oh, well, I guess you'll do well," he said.

"Still, you have had so much experience, Mr. Eaton."

"Well, I really don't know. It's all a matter of common sense, I guess. And, after all, the merchandise is the thing, the merchandise and the price."

He added a word or two about the futility of laying down rules, and that was all I could get out of him. That a man of few words like him should have succeeded as a salesman was a riddle to me. I subsequently realized that his reticence accounted an effect of solidity and helped to inspire confidence in the few words which he did utter. But at the moment in question I was sure that the "gift of the gab" was an indispensable element of success in a salesman.

(Continued next week)